

# THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1865.

## Armadale.

BOOK THE THIRD.

### CHAPTER I.

#### LURKING MISCHIEF.

1.—*From Ozias Midwinter to Mr. Brock.*

"Thorpe-Ambrose,

"June 15th, 1851.



DEAR MR. BROCK,—Only an hour since, we reached this house, just as the servants were locking up for the night. Allan has gone to bed, worn out by our long day's journey, and has left me in the room they call the library, to tell you the story of our journey to Norfolk. Being better seasoned than he is to fatigues of all kinds, my eyes are quite wakeful enough for writing a letter, though the clock on the chimneypiece points to midnight, and we have been travelling since ten in the morning.

"The last news you had of us was news sent by Allan from the Isle of Man. If I am not mis-

taken, he wrote to tell you of the night we passed on board the wrecked ship. Forgive me, dear Mr. Brock, if I say nothing on that subject until

time has helped me to think of it with a quieter mind. The hard fight against myself must all be fought over again ; but I will win it yet, please God ; I will indeed.

"There is no need to trouble you with any account of our journeyings about the northern and western districts of the island ; or of the short cruises we took when the repairs of the yacht were at last complete. It will be better if I get on at once to the morning of yesterday—the fourteenth. We had come in with the night-tide to Douglas harbour ; and, as soon as the post-office was open, Allan, by my advice, sent on shore for letters. The messenger returned with one letter only ; and the writer of it proved to be the former mistress of Thorpe-Ambrose—Mrs. Blanchard.

"You ought to be informed, I think, of the contents of this letter ; for it has seriously influenced Allan's plans. He loses everything, sooner or later, as you know, and he has lost the letter already. So I must give you the substance of what Mrs. Blanchard wrote to him, as plainly as I can.

"The first page announced the departure of the ladies from Thorpe-Ambrose. They left on the day before yesterday—the thirteenth—having, after much hesitation, finally decided on going abroad, to visit some old friends settled in Italy, in the neighbourhood of Florence. It appears to be quite possible that Mrs. Blanchard and her niece may settle there too, if they can find a suitable house and grounds to let. They both like the Italian country and the Italian people, and they are well enough off to please themselves. The elder lady has her jointure, and the younger is in possession of all her father's fortune.

"The next page of the letter was, in Allan's opinion, far from a pleasant page to read. After referring, in the most grateful terms, to the kindness which had left her niece and herself free to leave their old home at their own time, Mrs. Blanchard added that Allan's considerate conduct had produced such a strongly favourable impression among the friends and dependants of the family, that they were desirous of giving him a public reception on his arrival among them. A preliminary meeting of the tenants on the estate and the principal persons in the neighbouring town, had already been held to discuss the arrangements ; and a letter might be expected shortly from the clergyman, inquiring when it would suit Mr. Armadale's convenience to take possession personally and publicly of his estates in Norfolk.

"You will now be able to guess the cause of our sudden departure from the Isle of Man. The first and foremost idea in your old pupil's mind, as soon as he had read Mrs. Blanchard's account of the proceedings at the meeting, was the idea of escaping the public reception ; and the one certain way he could see of avoiding it was to start for Thorpe-Ambrose before the clergyman's letter could reach him. I tried hard to make him think a little before he acted on his first impulse in this matter ; but he only went on packing his portmanteau in his own impenetrably good-humoured way. In ten minutes his luggage was ready ; and in five

minutes more he had given the crew their directions for taking the yacht back to Somersetshire. The steamer to Liverpool was alongside of us in the harbour, and I had really no choice but to go on board with him, or to let him go by himself. I spare you the account of our stormy voyage, of our detention at Liverpool, and of the trains we missed on our journey across the country. You know that we have got here safely, and that is enough. What the servants think of the new squire's sudden appearance among them, without a word of warning, is of no great consequence. What the committee for arranging the public reception may think of it, when the news flies abroad to-morrow, is, I am afraid, a more serious matter.

"Having already mentioned the servants, I may proceed to tell you that the latter part of Mrs. Blanchard's letter was entirely devoted to instructing Allan on the subject of the domestic establishment which she has left behind her. It seems that all the servants, indoors and out (with three exceptions), are waiting here, on the chance that Allan will continue them in their places. Two of these exceptions are readily accounted for: Mrs. Blanchard's maid and Miss Blanchard's maid go abroad with their mistresses. The third exceptional case is the case of the upper housemaid: and here there is a little hitch. In plain words, the housemaid has been sent away at a moment's notice, for what Mrs. Blanchard rather mysteriously describes as 'levity of conduct with a stranger.'

"I am afraid you will laugh at me, but I must confess the truth. I have been made so distrustful (after what happened to us in the Isle of Man) of even the most trifling misadventures which connect themselves in any way with Allan's introduction to his new life and prospects, that I have already questioned one of the men-servants here about this apparently unimportant matter of the housemaid's going away in disgrace. All I can learn is, that a strange man had been noticed hanging suspiciously about the grounds; that the housemaid was so ugly a woman as to render it next to a certainty that he had some underhand purpose to serve in making himself agreeable to her; and that he has not as yet been seen again in the neighbourhood since the day of her dismissal. So much for the one servant who has been turned out at Thorpe-Ambrose. I can only hope there is no trouble for Allan brewing in that quarter. As for the other servants who remain, Mrs. Blanchard describes them, both men and women, as perfectly trustworthy; and they will all, no doubt, continue to occupy their present places.

"Having now done with Mrs. Blanchard's letter, my next duty is to beg you, in Allan's name and with Allan's love, to come here and stay with him at the earliest moment when you can leave Somersetshire. Although I cannot presume to think that my own wishes will have any special influence in determining you to accept this invitation, I must nevertheless acknowledge that I have a reason of my own for earnestly desiring to see you here. Allan has innocently caused me a new anxiety about my future relations with him; and I sorely need your advice to show me the right way of setting that anxiety at rest.

"The difficulty which now perplexes me relates to the steward's place at Thorpe-Ambrose. Before to-day, I only knew that Allan had hit on some plan of his own for dealing with this matter; rather strangely involving, among other results, the letting of the cottage which was the old steward's place of abode, in consequence of the new steward's contemplated residence in the great house. A chance word in our conversation on the journey here, led Allan into speaking out more plainly than he had spoken yet; and I heard, to my unutterable astonishment, that the person who was at the bottom of the whole arrangement about the steward was no other than myself!

"It is needless to tell you how I felt this new instance of Allan's kindness. The first pleasure of hearing from his own lips that I had deserved the strongest proof he could give of his confidence in me, was soon dashed by the pain which mixes itself with all pleasure—at least, with all that I have ever known. Never has my past life seemed so dreary to look back on as it seems now, when I feel how entirely it has unfitted me to take the place of all others that I should have liked to occupy in my friend's service. I mustered courage to tell him that I had none of the business knowledge and business experience which his steward ought to possess. He generously met the objection by telling me that I could learn; and he promised to send to London for the person who had already been employed for the time being in the steward's office, and who would, therefore, be perfectly competent to teach me. Do you, too, think I can learn? If you do, I will work day and night to instruct myself. But if (as I am afraid) the steward's duties are of far too serious a kind to be learnt off-hand by a man so young and so inexperienced as I am—then, pray hasten your journey to Thorpe-Ambrose, and exert your influence over Allan personally. Nothing less will induce him to pass me over, and to employ a steward who is really fit to take the place. Pray, pray, act in this matter as you think best for Allan's interests. Whatever disappointment I may feel, *he* shall not see it.

"Believe me, dear Mr. Brock,

"Gratefully yours,

"OZIAS MIDWINTER.

"P.S.—I open the envelope again, to add one word more. If you have heard or seen anything since your return to Somersetshire of the woman in the black dress and the red shawl, I hope you will not forget, when you write, to let me know it.—O. M."

---

2.—*From Mrs. Oldershaw to Miss Gwilt.*

"Ladies' Toilette Repository, Diana Street, Pimlico: Wednesday.

"MY DEAR LYDIA,—To save the post, I write to you, after a long day's worry at my place of business, on the business letter-paper, having news since we last met, which it seems advisable to send you at the earliest opportunity.



"To begin at the beginning. After carefully considering the thing, I am quite sure you will do wisely with young Armadale if you hold your tongue about Madeira and all that happened there. Your position was, no doubt, a very strong one with his mother. You had privately helped her in playing a trick on her own father—you had been ungratefully dismissed, at a pitifully tender age, as soon as you had served her purpose—and when you came upon her suddenly, after a separation of more than twenty years, you found her in failing health, with a grown-up son, whom she had kept in total ignorance of the true story of her marriage. Have you any such advantages as these with the young gentleman who has survived her? If he is not a born idiot, he will decline to believe your shocking aspersions on the memory of his mother; and—seeing that you have no proofs at this distance of time to meet him with—there is an end of your money-grubbing in the golden Armadale diggings. Mind! I don't dispute that the old lady's heavy debt of obligation, after what you did for her in Madeira, is not paid yet; and that the son is the next person to settle with you, now the mother has slipped through your fingers. Only squeeze him the right way, my dear, that's what I venture to suggest—squeeze him the right way.

"And which is the right way? This brings me to my news. Have you thought again of that other notion of yours of trying your hand on this lucky young gentleman, with nothing but your own good looks and your own quick wits to help you? The idea hung on my mind so strangely after you were gone, that it ended in my sending a little note to my lawyer, to have the will under which young Armadale has got his fortune, examined at Doctors' Commons. The result turns out to be something infinitely more encouraging than either you or I could possibly have hoped for. After the lawyer's report to me, there cannot be a moment's doubt of what you ought to do. In two words, Lydia, take the bull by the horns—and marry him!!!

"I am quite serious. He is much better worth the venture than you suppose. Only persuade him to make you Mrs. Armadale, and you may set all after-discoveries at flat defiance. As long as he lives, you can make your own terms with him; and, if he dies, the will entitles you, in spite of anything he can say or do—with children, or without them—to an income chargeable on his estate, of *twelve hundred a year for life*. There is no doubt about this—the lawyer himself has looked at the will. Of course Mr. Blanchard had his son, and his son's widow in his eye, when he made the provision. But, as it is not limited to any one heir by name, and not revoked anywhere, it now holds as good with young Armadale as it would have held under other circumstances with Mr. Blanchard's son. What a chance for you, after all the miseries and the dangers you have gone through, to be mistress of Thorpe-Ambrose, if he lives; to have an income for life, if he dies! Hook him, my poor dear; hook him at any sacrifice.

"I dare say you will make the same objection when you read this,

which you made when we were talking about it the other day—I mean the objection of your age. Now, my good creature, just listen to me. The question is—not whether you were five-and-thirty last birthday; we will own the dreadful truth, and say you were—but whether you do look, or don't look, your real age. My opinion on this matter ought to be, and is, one of the best opinions in London. I have had twenty years' experience among our charming sex in making up battered old faces and worn-out old figures to look like new—and I say positively you don't look a day over thirty, if as much. If you will follow my advice about dressing, and use one or two of my applications privately, I guarantee to put you back three years more. I will forfeit all the money I shall have to advance for you in this matter; if, when I have ground you young again in my wonderful mill, you look more than seven-and-twenty in any man's eyes living—except, of course, when you wake anxious in the small hours of the morning; and then, my dear, you will be old and ugly in the retirement of your own room, and it won't matter.

“But,” you may say, ‘supposing all this, here I am, at my very best, a good sixteen years older than he is; and that is against me at starting.’ Is it? Just think again. Surely, your own experience must have shown you that the commonest of all common weaknesses, in young fellows of this Armadale's age, is to fall in love with women older than themselves? Who are the men who really appreciate us in the bloom of our youth (I'm sure I have cause to speak well of the bloom of youth; I made fifty guineas to-day by putting it on the spotted shoulders of a woman old enough to be your mother),—who are the men, I say, who are ready to worship us when we are mere babies of seventeen? The gay young gentlemen in the bloom of their own youth? No! The cunning old wretches who are on the wrong side of forty.

“And what is the moral of this, as the story-books say? The moral is that the chances, with such a head as you have got on your shoulders, are all in your favour. If you feel your present forlorn position, as I believe you do; if you know what a charming woman (in the men's eyes) you can still be, when you please; and if all your old resolution has really come back, after that shocking outbreak of desperation on board the steamer (natural enough, I own, under the dreadful provocation laid on you), you will want no further persuasion from me to try this experiment. Only to think of how things turn out! If the other young booby had not jumped into the river after you, *this* young booby would never have had the estate. It really looks as if fate had determined that you were to be Mrs. Armadale, of Thorpe-Ambrose—and who can control his fate, as the poet says?

“Send me one line to say Yes or No; and believe me

“Your attached old friend

“MARIA OLDERSHAW.”

3.—*From Miss Gwilt to Mrs. Oldershaw.*

"Richmond, Thursday.

"YOU OLD WRETCH,—I won't say Yes or No till I have had a long, long look at my glass first. If you had any real regard for anybody but your wicked old self, you would know that the bare idea of marrying again (after what I have gone through) is an idea that makes my flesh creep.

"But there can be no harm in your sending me a little more information, while I am making up my mind. You have got twenty pounds of mine still left out of those things you sold for me : send ten pounds here for my expenses, in a post-office order, and use the other ten for making private inquiries at Thorpe-Ambrose. I want to know when the two Blanchard women go away, and when young Armadale stirs up the dead ashes in the family fireplace. Are you quite sure he will turn out as easy to manage as you think? If he takes after his hypocrite of a mother, I can tell you this—Judas Iscariot has come to life again.

"I am very comfortable in this lodging. There are lovely flowers in the garden, and the birds wake me in the morning delightfully. I have hired a reasonably good piano. The only man I care two straws about—don't be alarmed; he was laid in his grave many a long year ago, under the name of BEETHOVEN—keeps me company in my lonely hours. The landlady would keep me company, too, if I would only let her. I hate women. The new curate paid a visit to the other lodger yesterday, and passed me on the lawn as he came out. My eyes have lost nothing yet, at any rate, though I *am* five-and-thirty; the poor man actually blushed when I looked at him! What sort of colour do you think he would have turned, if one of the little birds in the garden had whispered in his ear, and told him the true story of the charming Miss Gwilt?

"Good-by, Mother Oldershaw. I rather doubt whether I am yours, or anybody's, affectionately; but we all tell lies at the bottoms of our letters, don't we? If you are my attached old friend, I must of course be

"Yours affectionately,

"LYDIA GWILT.

"P.S.—Keep your odious powders and paints and washes for the spotted shoulders of your customers; not one of them shall touch my skin, I promise you. If you really want to be useful, try and find out some quieting draught to keep me from grinding my teeth in my sleep. I shall break them one of these nights; and then what will become of my beauty, I wonder?"

4.—*From Mrs. Oldershaw to Miss Gwilt.*

"Ladies' Toilette Repository, Tuesday.

"MY DEAR LYDIA,—It is a thousand pities your letter was not addressed to Mr. Armadale; your graceful audacity would have charmed him. It doesn't affect me; I am so well used to it, you know. Why

waste your sparkling wit, my love, on your own impenetrable Oldershaw?—it only splutters and goes out. Will you try and be serious, this next time? I have news for you from Thorpe-Ambrose, which is beyond a joke, and which must not be trifled with.

"An hour after I got your letter, I set the inquiries on foot. Not knowing what consequences they might lead to, I thought it safest to begin in the dark. Instead of employing any of the people whom I have at my own disposal (who know you and know me), I went to the Private Inquiry Office in Shadyside Place, and put the matter in the inspector's hands, in the character of a perfect stranger, and without mentioning you at all. This was not the cheapest way of going to work, I own; but it was the safest way, which is of much greater consequence.

"The inspector and I understood each other in ten minutes; and the right person for the purpose—the most harmless-looking young man you ever saw in your life—was produced immediately. He left for Thorpe-Ambrose an hour after I saw him. I arranged to call at the office on the afternoons of Saturday, Monday, and to-day, for news. There was no news till to-day—and there I found our Confidential Agent just returned to town, and waiting to favour me with a full account of his trip to Norfolk.

"First of all, let me quiet your mind about those two questions of yours; I have got answers to both the one and the other. The Blanchard women go away to foreign parts on the thirteenth; and young Armadale is at this moment cruising somewhere at sea in his yacht. There is talk at Thorpe-Ambrose of giving him a public reception, and of calling a meeting of the local grandees to settle it all. The speechifying and fuss on these occasions generally wastes plenty of time; and the public reception is not thought likely to meet the new Squire much before the end of the month.

"If our messenger had done no more for us than this, I think he would have earned his money. But the harmless young man is a regular Jesuit at a private inquiry—with this great advantage over all the Popish priests I have ever seen, that he has not got his slyness written in his face. Having to get his information through the female servants, in the usual way, he addressed himself, with admirable discretion, to the ugliest woman in the house. 'When they are nice-looking, and can pick and choose,' as he neatly expressed it to me, 'they waste a great deal of valuable time in deciding on a sweetheart. When they are ugly, and haven't got the ghost of a chance of choosing, they snap at a sweetheart, if he comes their way, like a starved dog at a bone.' Acting on these excellent principles, our Confidential Agent succeeded, after certain unavoidable delays, in addressing himself to the upper housemaid at Thorpe-Ambrose, and took full possession of her confidence at the first interview. Bearing his instructions carefully in mind, he encouraged the woman to chatter, and was favoured, of course, with all the gossip of the servants' hall. The greater part of it (as repeated to me) was of no earthly im-

portance. But I listened patiently, and was rewarded by a valuable discovery at last. Here it is.

"It seems there is an ornamental cottage in the grounds at Thorpe-Ambrose. For some reason unknown, young Armadale has chosen to let it; and a tenant has come in already. He is a poor half-pay major in the army, named Milroy—a meek sort of man, by all accounts, with a turn for occupying himself in mechanical pursuits, and with a domestic incumbrance in the shape of a bedridden wife, who has not been seen by anybody. Well, and what of all this? you will ask, with that sparkling impatience which becomes you so well. My dear Lydia, don't sparkle! The man's family affairs seriously concern us both—for, as ill-luck will have it, the man has got a daughter!

"You may imagine how I questioned our agent, and how our agent ransacked his memory, when I stumbled, in due course, on such a discovery as this. If heaven is responsible for women's chattering tongues, heaven be praised! From Miss Blanchard to Miss Blanchard's maid; from Miss Blanchard's maid to Miss Blanchard's aunt's maid; from Miss Blanchard's aunt's maid, to the ugly housemaid; from the ugly housemaid to the harmless-looking young man—so the stream of gossip trickled into the right reservoir at last, and thirsty Mother Oldershaw has drunk it all up. In plain English, my dear, this is how it stands. The major's daughter is a minx just turned sixteen; lively and nice-looking (hateful little wretch!), dowdy in her dress (thank heaven!), and deficient in her manners (thank heaven, again!). She has been brought up at home. The governess who last had charge of her, left before her father moved to Thorpe-Ambrose. Her education stands wofully in want of a finishing touch, and the major doesn't quite know what to do next. None of his friends can recommend him a new governess, and he doesn't like the notion of sending the girl to school. So matters rest at present, on the major's own showing—for so the major expressed himself at a morning call which the father and daughter paid to the ladies at the great house.

"You have now got my promised news, and you will have little difficulty, I think, in agreeing with me, that the Armadale business must be settled at once, one way or the other. If—with your hopeless prospects, and with what I may call your family claim on this young fellow—you decide on giving him up, I shall have the pleasure of sending you the balance of your account with me (seven-and-twenty shillings), and shall then be free to devote myself entirely to my own proper business. If, on the contrary, you decide to try your luck at Thorpe-Ambrose, then (there being no kind of doubt that the major's minx will set her cap at the young squire) I should be glad to hear how you mean to meet the double difficulty of inflaming Mr. Armadale and extinguishing Miss Milroy.

"Affectionately yours,

"MARIA OLDERSHAW."

5.—*From Miss Gwilt to Mrs. Oldershaw. (First Answer.)*

"Richmond, Wednesday Morn'ing.

"MRS. OLDERSHAW,—Send me my seven-and-twenty shillings, and devote yourself to your own proper business.

"Yours,

"L. G."

---

6.—*From Miss Gwilt to Mrs. Oldershaw. (Second Answer.)*

"Richmond, Wednesday Night.

"DEAR OLD LOVE,—Keep the seven-and-twenty shillings, and burn my other letter. I have changed my mind.

"I wrote the first time, after a horrible night. I write, this time, after a ride on horseback, a tumbler of claret, and the breast of a chicken. Is that explanation enough? Please say Yes—for I want to go back to my piano.

"No; I can't go back yet—I must answer your question first. But are you really so very simple as to suppose that I don't see straight through you and your letter? You know that the major's difficulty is our opportunity as well as I do—but you want me to take the responsibility of making the first proposal; don't you? Suppose I take it in your own roundabout way? Suppose I say—'Pray don't ask me how I propose inflaming Mr. Armadale and extinguishing Miss Milroy; the question is so shockingly abrupt I really can't answer it. Ask me instead, if it is the modest ambition of my life to become Miss Milroy's governess?' Yes, if you please, Mrs. Oldershaw—and if you will assist me by becoming my reference.

"There it is for you! If some serious disaster happens (which is quite possible), what a comfort it will be to remember that it was all my fault!

"Now I have done this for you, will you do something for me? I want to dream away the little time I am likely to have left here, in my own way. Be a merciful Mother Oldershaw, and spare me the worry of looking at the Ins and Outs, and adding up the chances For and Against, in this new venture of mine. Think for me, in short, until I am obliged to think for myself.

"I had better not write any more, or I shall say something savage that you won't like. I am in one of my tempers to-night. I want a husband to vex, or a child to beat, or something of that sort. Do you ever like to see the summer insects kill themselves in the candle? I do, sometimes. Good-night, Mrs. Jezebel. The longer you can leave me here the better. The air agrees with me, and I am looking charmingly.

"L. G."

---



7.—*From Mrs. Oldershaw to Miss Gwilt.*

"Thursday.

"MY DEAR LYDIA,—Some persons in my situation might be a little offended at the tone of your last letter. But I am so fondly attached to you! And when I love a person, it is so very hard, my dear, for that person to offend me! Don't ride quite so far, and only drink half a tumblerful of claret next time. I say no more.

"Shall we leave off our fencing-match and come to serious matters now? How curiously hard it always seems to be for women to understand each other—especially when they have got their pens in their hands! But suppose we try.

"Well, then, to begin with—I gather from your letter that you have wisely decided to try the Thorpe-Ambrose experiment—and to secure, if you can, an excellent position at starting, by becoming a member of Major Milroy's household. If the circumstances turn against you, and some other woman gets the governess's place (about which I shall have something more to say presently), you will then have no choice but to make Mr. Armadale's acquaintance in some other character. In any case, you will want my assistance; and the first question therefore to set at rest between us, is the question of what I am willing to do, and what I can do, to help you.

"A woman, my dear Lydia, with your appearance, your manners, your abilities, and your education, can make almost any excursions into society that she pleases, if she only has money in her pocket and a respectable reference to appeal to in cases of emergency. As to the money, in the first place. I will engage to find it, on condition of your remembering my assistance with adequate pecuniary gratitude, if you win the Armadale prize. Your promise so to remember me, embodying the terms in plain figures, shall be drawn out on paper by my own lawyer; so that we can sign and settle at once when I see you in London.

"Next, as to the reference. Here, again, my services are at your disposal—on another condition. It is this: that you present yourself at Thorpe-Ambrose, under the name to which you have returned, ever since that dreadful business of your marriage—I mean your own maiden name of Gwilt. I have only one motive in insisting on this; I wish to run no needless risks. My experience, as confidential adviser of my customers, in various romantic cases of private embarrassment, has shown me that an assumed name is, nine times out of ten, a very unnecessary and a very dangerous form of deception. Nothing could justify your assuming a name but the fear of young Armadale's detecting you—a fear from which we are fortunately relieved by his mother's own conduct in keeping your early connection with her a profound secret from her son, and from everybody.

"The next, and last, perplexity to settle, relates, my dear, to the chances for and against your finding your way, in the capacity of governess, into Major Milroy's house. Once inside the door, with your knowledge of music and languages, if you can keep your temper, you may be sure of keeping the place. The only doubt, as things are now, is whether you can get it.

"In the major's present difficulty about his daughter's education, the chances are, I think, in favour of his advertising for a governess. Say he does advertise, what address will he give for applicants to write to? There is the real pinch of the matter. If he gives an address in London, good-by to all chances in your favour at once; for this plain reason, that we shall not be able to pick out his advertisement from the advertisements of other people who want governesses, and who will give them addresses in London as well. If, on the other hand, our luck helps us, and he refers his correspondents to a shop, post-office, or what not, at *Thorpe-Ambrose*, there we have our advertiser as plainly picked out for us as we can wish. In this last case, I have little or no doubt—with me for your reference—of your finding your way into the major's family circle. We have one great advantage over the other women who will answer the advertisement. Thanks to my inquiries on the spot, I know Major Milroy to be a poor man; and we will fix the salary you ask at a figure that is sure to tempt him. As for the style of the letter, if you and I together can't write a modest and interesting application for the vacant place, I should like to know who can?

"All this, however, is still in the future. For the present, my advice is—stay where you are, and dream to your heart's content, till you hear from me again. I take in *The Times* regularly; and you may trust my wary eye not to miss the right advertisement. We can luckily give the major time, without doing any injury to our own interests; for there is no fear, just yet, of the girl's getting the start of you. The public reception, as we know, won't be ready till near the end of the month; and we may safely trust young Armadale's vanity to keep him out of his new house until his flatterers are all assembled to welcome him. Let us wait another ten days at least before we give up the governess notion, and lay our heads together to try some other plan.

"It's odd, isn't it, to think how much depends on this half-pay officer's decision? For my part, I shall wake every morning, now, with the same question in my mind. If the major's advertisement appears, which will the major say—*Thorpe-Ambrose*, or London?

"Ever, my dear Lydia,

"Affectionately yours,

"MARIA OLDERSHAW."

---

## CHAPTER II.

## ALLAN AS A LANDED GENTLEMAN.

EARLY on the morning after his first night's rest at Thorpe-Ambrose, Allan rose and surveyed the prospect from his bedroom window, lost in the dense mental bewilderment of feeling himself to be a stranger in his own house.

The bedroom looked out over the great front door, with its portico, its terrace and flight of steps beyond, and, farther still, the broad sweep of the well-timbered park to close the view. The morning mist nestled lightly about the distant trees; and the cows were feeding sociably, close to the iron fence which railed off the park from the drive in front of the house. "All mine!" thought Allan, staring in blank amazement at the prospect of his own possessions. "Hang me if I can beat it into my head yet. All mine!"

He dressed, left his room, and walked along the corridor which led to the staircase and hall; opening the doors in succession as he passed them. The rooms in this part of the house were bedrooms and dressing-rooms—light, spacious, perfectly furnished; and all empty, except the one bedchamber next to Allan's, which had been appropriated to Midwinter. He was still sleeping when his friend looked in on him, having sat late into the night writing his letter to Mr. Brock. Allan went on to the end of the first corridor, turned at right angles into a second, and, that passed, gained the head of the great staircase. "No romance here," he said to himself, looking down the handsomely-carpeted stone stairs into the bright modern hall. "Nothing to startle Midwinter's fidgety nerves in this house." There was nothing indeed; Allan's essentially superficial observation had not misled him for once. The mansion of Thorpe-Ambrose (built after the pulling down of the dilapidated old manor-house) was barely fifty years old. Nothing picturesque, nothing in the slightest degree suggestive of mystery and romance, appeared in any part of it. It was a purely conventional country-house—the product of the classical idea filtered judiciously through the commercial English mind. Viewed on the outer side, it presented the spectacle of a modern manufactory trying to look like an ancient temple. Viewed on the inner side, it was a marvel of luxurious comfort in every part of it, from basement to roof. "And quite right, too," thought Allan, sauntering contentedly down the broad, gently-graduated stairs. "Deuce take all mystery and romance! Let's be clean and comfortable—that's what I say."

Arrived in the hall, the new master of Thorpe-Ambrose hesitated, and looked about him, uncertain which way to turn next. The four reception-rooms on the ground floor opened into the hall, two on either side. Allan tried the nearest door on his right hand at a venture, and found himself in the drawing-room. Here the first sign of life appeared, under

life's most attractive form. A young girl was in solitary possession of the drawing-room. The duster in her hand appeared to associate her with the domestic duties of the house ; but at that particular moment she was occupied in asserting the rights of nature over the obligations of service. In other words, she was attentively contemplating her own face in the glass over the mantelpiece.

"There ! there ! don't let me frighten you," said Allan, as the girl started away from the glass, and stared at him in unutterable confusion. "I quite agree with you, my dear : your face is well worth looking at. Who are you?—oh, the housemaid. And what's your name? Susan, eh? Come! I like your name to begin with. Do you know who I am, Susan? I'm your master, though you may not think it. Your character? Oh, yes! Mrs. Blanchard gave you a capital character. You shall stop here; don't be afraid. And you'll be a good girl, Susan, and wear smart little caps and aprons and bright ribbons, and you'll look nice and pretty, and dust the furniture, won't you?"

With this summary of a housemaid's duties, Allan sauntered back into the hall, and found more signs of life in that quarter. A man-servant appeared on this occasion, and bowed, as became a vassal in a linen jacket, before his liege lord in a wide-awake hat.

"And who may you be?" asked Allan. "Not the man who let us in last night? Ah, I thought not. The second footman, eh? Character? Oh, yes; capital character. Stop here, of course. You can valet me, can you? Bother valeting me! I like to put on my own clothes, and brush them, too, when they are on; and, if I only knew how to black my own boots, by George I should like to do it! What room's this? Morning-room, eh? And here's the dining-room, of course. Good heavens, what a table! it's as long as my yacht, and longer. I say—by-the-by, what's your name? Richard, is it?—well, Richard, the vessel I sail in is a vessel of my own building? What do you think of that? You look to me just the right sort of man to be my steward on board. If you're not sick at sea—oh, you are sick at sea? Well, then, we'll say nothing more about it. And what room is this? Ah, yes; the library, of course—more in Mr. Midwinter's way than mine. Mr. Midwinter is the gentleman who came here with me last night; and mind this, Richard, you're all to show him as much attention as you show me. Where are we now? What's this door at the back? Billiard-room and smoking-room, eh? Jolly. Another door! and more stairs! Where do they go to? and who's this coming up? Take your time, ma'am; you're not quite so young as you were once—take your time."

The object of Allan's humane caution was a corpulent elderly woman, of the type called "motherly." Fourteen stairs were all that separated her from the master of the house: she ascended them with fourteen stoppages and fourteen sighs. Nature, various in all things, is infinitely various in the female sex. There are some women whose personal qualities reveal the Loves and the Graces; and there are other women

whose personal qualities suggest the Perquisites and the Grease Pot. This was one of the other women.

"Glad to see you looking so well, ma'am," said Allan, when the cook, in the majesty of her office, stood proclaimed before him. "Your name is Gripper, is it? I consider you, Mrs. Gripper, the most valuable person in the house. For this reason, that nobody in the house eats a heartier dinner every day than I do. Directions? Oh, no; I've no directions to give. I leave all that to you. Lots of strong soup, and joints done with the gravy in them—there's my notion of good feeding, in two words. Steady! Here's somebody else. Oh, to be sure—the butler! Another valuable person. We'll go right through all the wine in the cellar, Mr. butler; and if I can't give you a sound opinion after that, we'll persevere boldly, and go right through it again. Talking of wine—hullo! here are more of them coming upstairs. There! there! don't trouble yourselves. You've all got capital characters, and you shall all stop here along with me. What was I saying just now? Something about wine; so it was. I'll tell you what, Mr. butler, it isn't every day that a new master comes to Thorpe-Ambrose; and it's my wish that we should all start together on the best possible terms. Let the servants have a grand jollification downstairs, to celebrate my arrival; and give them what they like to drink my health in. It's a poor heart, Mrs. Gripper, that never rejoices, isn't it? No; I won't look at the cellar now: I want to go out, and get a breath of fresh air before breakfast. Where's Richard? I say, have I got a garden here? Which side of the house is it! That side, eh? You needn't show me round. I'll go alone, Richard, and lose myself, if I can, in my own property."

With those words Allan descended the terrace-steps in front of the house, whistling cheerfully. He had met the serious responsibility of settling his domestic establishment to his own entire satisfaction. "People talk of the difficulty of managing their servants," thought Allan. "What on earth do they mean? I don't see any difficulty at all." He opened an ornamental gate leading out of the drive at the side of the house; and, following the footman's directions, entered the shrubbery that sheltered the Thorpe-Ambrose gardens. "Nice shady sort of place for a cigar," said Allan, as he sauntered along, with his hands in his pockets. "I wish I could beat it into my head that it really belongs to *me*."

The shrubbery opened on the broad expanse of a flower-garden, flooded bright in its summer glory by the light of the morning sun. On one side an archway, broken through a wall, led into the fruit-garden. On the other, a terrace of turf led to ground on a lower level, laid out as an Italian garden. Wandering past the fountains and statues, Allan reached another shrubbery, winding its way apparently to some remote part of the grounds. Thus far, not a human creature had been visible or audible anywhere; but, as he approached the end of the second shrubbery, it struck him that he heard something on the other side of the foliage.

He stopped and listened. There were two voices speaking distinctly—an old voice that sounded very obstinate, and a young voice that sounded very angry.

"It's no use, Miss," said the old voice. "I mustn't allow it, and I won't allow it. What would Mr. Armadale say?"

"If Mr. Armadale is the gentleman I take him for, you old brute!" replied the young voice, "he would say, 'Come into my garden, Miss Milroy, as often as you like, and take as many nosegays as you please.'"

Allan's bright blue eyes twinkled mischievously. Inspired by a sudden idea, he stole softly to the end of the shrubbery, darted round the corner of it, and, vaulting over a low ring-fence, found himself in a trim little paddock, crossed by a gravel walk. At a short distance down the walk stood a young lady, with her back towards him, trying to force her way past an impenetrable old man, with a rake in his hand, who stood obstinately in front of her, shaking his head.

"Come into my garden, Miss Milroy, as often as you like, and take as many nosegays as you please," cried Allan, remorselessly repeating her own words.

The young lady turned round, with a scream; her muslin dress, which she was holding up in front, dropped from her hand, and a prodigious lapful of flowers rolled out on the gravel walk.

Before another word could be said, the impenetrable old man stepped forward, with the utmost composure, and entered on the question of his own personal interests, as if nothing whatever had happened, and nobody was present but his new master and himself.

"I bid you humbly welcome to Thorpe-Ambrose, sir," said this ancient of the gardens. "My name is Abraham Sage. I've been employed in the grounds for more than forty years; and I hope you'll be pleased to continue me in my place."

So, with vision inexorably limited to the horizon of his own prospects, spoke the gardener—and spoke in vain. Allan was down on his knees on the gravel walk, collecting the fallen flowers, and forming his first impressions of Miss Milroy from the feet upwards. She was pretty; she was not pretty—she charmed, she disappointed, she charmed again. Tried by recognized line and rule, she was too short, and too well-developed for her age. And yet few men's eyes would have wished her figure other than it was. Her hands were so prettily plump and dimpled, that it was hard to see how red they were with the blessed exuberance of youth and health. Her feet apologized gracefully for her old and ill-fitting shoes; and her shoulders made ample amends for the misdemeanor in muslin which covered them in the shape of a dress. Her dark grey eyes were lovely in their clear softness of colour, in their spirit, tenderness, and sweet good humour of expression; and her hair (where a shabby old garden hat allowed it to be seen) was of just that lighter shade of brown which gave value by contrast to the darker beauty of her eyes. But these attractions passed, the little attendant blemishes and imperfections of this self-contradictory



dictory girl began again. Her nose was too short, her mouth was too large, her face was too round, and too rosy. The dreadful justice of photography would have had no mercy on her; and the sculptors of classical Greece would have bowed her regretfully out of their studios. Admitting all this, and more, the girdle round Miss Milroy's waist was the girdle of Venus, nevertheless—and the pass-key that opens the general heart was the key she carried, if ever a girl possessed it yet. Before Allan had picked up his second handful of flowers, Allan was in love with her.

"Don't! pray don't, Mr. Armadale!" she said, receiving the flowers under protest, as Allan vigorously showered them back into the lap of her dress. "I am so ashamed! I didn't mean to invite myself in that bold way into your garden; my tongue ran away with me—it did indeed! What can I say to excuse myself? Oh, Mr. Armadale, what must you think of me!"

Allan suddenly saw his way to a compliment, and tossed it up to her forthwith, with the third handful of flowers.

"I'll tell you what I think, Miss Milroy," he said, in his blunt, boyish way. "I think the luckiest walk I ever took in my life was the walk this morning that brought me here."

He looked eager and handsome. He was not addressing a woman worn out with admiration, but a girl just beginning a woman's life—and it did him no harm, at any rate, to speak in the character of master of Thorpe-Ambrose. The penitential expression on Miss Milroy's face gently melted away: she looked down, demure and smiling, at the flowers in her lap.

"I deserve a good scolding," she said. "I don't deserve compliments, Mr. Armadale—least of all from *you*."

"Oh, yes, you do!" cried the headlong Allan, getting briskly on his legs. "Besides, it isn't a compliment; it's true. You are the prettiest — I beg your pardon, Miss Milroy! *my* tongue ran away with me that time."

Among the heavy burdens that are laid on female human nature, perhaps the heaviest, at the age of sixteen, is the burden of gravity. Miss Milroy struggled—tittered—struggled again—and composed herself for the time being.

The gardener, who still stood where he had stood from the first, immovably waiting for his next opportunity, saw it now, and gently pushed his personal interests into the first gap of silence that had opened within his reach since Allan's appearance on the scene.

"I humbly bid you welcome to Thorpe-Ambrose, sir," said Abraham Sage; beginning obstinately with his little introductory speech for the second time. "My name —"

Before he could deliver himself of his name, Miss Milroy looked accidentally in the horticulturist's pertinacious face—and instantly lost her hold on her gravity beyond recall. Allan, never backward in following a

boisterous example of any sort, joined in her laughter with right goodwill. The wise man of the gardens showed no surprise, and took no offence. He waited for another gap of silence, and walked in again gently with his personal interests, the moment the two young people stopped to take breath.

"I have been employed in the grounds," proceeded Abraham Sage, irrepressibly, "for more than forty years——"

"You shall be employed in the grounds for forty more, if you'll only hold your tongue and take yourself off!" cried Allan, as soon as he could speak.

"Thank you kindly, sir," said the gardener, with the utmost politeness, but with no present signs either of holding his tongue or of taking himself off.

"Well?" said Allan.

Abraham Sage carefully cleared his throat, and shifted his rake from one hand to the other. He looked down the length of his own invaluable implement, with a grave interest and attention; seeing apparently, not the long handle of a rake, but the long perspective of a vista, with a supplementary personal interest established at the end of it. "When more convenient, sir," resumed this immovable man, "I should wish respectfully to speak to you about my son. Perhaps it may be more convenient in the course of the day? My humble duty, sir, and my best thanks. My son is strictly sober. He is accustomed to the stables, and he belongs to the Church of England—without encumbrances." Having thus planted his offspring provisionally in his master's estimation, Abraham Sage shouldered his invaluable rake, and hobbled slowly out of view.

"If that's a specimen of a trustworthy old servant," said Allan, "I think I'd rather take my chance of being cheated by a new one. *You* shall not be troubled with him again, Miss Milroy, at any rate. All the flower-beds in the garden are at your disposal—and all the fruit in the fruit-season, if you'll only come here and eat it."

"Oh, Mr. Armadale, how very, very kind you are. How can I thank you?"

Allan saw his way to another compliment—an elaborate compliment, in the shape of a trap, this time.

"You can do me the greatest possible favour," he said. "You can assist me in forming an agreeable impression of my own grounds."

"Dear me! how?" asked Miss Milroy, innocently.

Allan judiciously closed the trap on the spot in these words:—"By taking me with you, Miss Milroy, on your morning walk." He spoke—smiled—and offered his arm.

She saw the way, on her side, to a little flirtation. She rested her hand on his arm—blushed—hesitated—and suddenly took it away again.

"I don't think it's quite right, Mr. Armadale," she said, devoting

herself with the deepest attention to her collection of flowers. "Oughtn't we to have some old lady here? Isn't it improper to take your arm until I know you a little better than I do now? I am obliged to ask; I have had so little instruction; I have seen so little of society—and one of papa's friends once said my manners were too bold for my age. What do you think?"

"I think it's a very good thing your papa's friend is not here now," answered the outspoken Allan; "I should quarrel with him to a dead certainty. As for society, Miss Milroy, nobody knows less about it than I do; but if we *had* an old lady here, I must say, myself, I think she would be uncommonly in the way. Won't you?" concluded Allan, imploringly offering his arm for the second time. "Do!"

Miss Milroy looked up at him sidelong from her flowers. "You are as bad as the gardener, Mr. Armadale!" She looked down again in a flutter of indecision. "I'm sure it's wrong," she said, and took his arm the instant afterwards, without the slightest hesitation.

They moved away together over the daisied turf of the paddock, young and bright and happy, with the sunlight of the summer morning shining cloudless over their flowery path.

"And where are we going to, now?" asked Allan. "Into another garden?"

She laughed gaily. "How very odd of you, Mr. Armadale, not to know, when it all belongs to you! Are you really seeing Thorpe-Ambrose this morning for the first time? How indescribably strange it must feel! No, no; don't say any more complimentary things to me just yet. You may turn my head if you do. We haven't got the old lady with us; and I really must take care of myself. Let me be useful; let me tell you all about your own grounds. We are going out at that little gate, across one of the drives in the park, and then over the rustic bridge, and then round the corner of the plantation—where do you think? To where I live, Mr. Armadale; to the lovely little cottage that you have let to papa. Oh, if you only knew how lucky we thought ourselves to get it!"

She paused, looked up at her companion, and stopped another compliment on the incorrigible Allan's lips.

"I'll drop your arm," she said coquettishly, "if you do! We *were* lucky to get the cottage, Mr. Armadale. Papa said he felt under an obligation to you for letting it, the day we got in. And *I* said I felt under an obligation, no longer ago than last week."

"You, Miss Milroy!" exclaimed Allan.

"Yes. It may surprise you to hear it; but if you hadn't let the cottage to papa, I believe I should have suffered the indignity and misery of being sent to school."

Allan's memory reverted to the half-crown that he had spun on the cabin-table of the yacht, at Castletown. "If she only knew that I had tossed up for it!" he thought, guiltily.

"I daresay you don't understand why I should feel such a horror of going to school," pursued Miss Milroy, misinterpreting the momentary silence on her companion's side. "If I had gone to school in early life—I mean at the age when other girls go—I shouldn't have minded it now. But I had no such chance at the time. It was the time of mamma's illness and of papa's unfortunate speculations; and as papa had nobody to comfort him but me, of course I stayed at home. You needn't laugh; I was of some use, I can tell you. I helped papa over his troubles, by sitting on his knee after dinner, and asking him to tell me stories of all the remarkable people he had known when he was about in the great world, at home and abroad. Without me to amuse him in the evening, and his clock to occupy him in the daytime——"

"His clock?" repeated Allan.

"Oh, yes! I ought to have told you. Papa is an extraordinary mechanical genius. You will say so, too, when you see his clock. It's nothing like so large, of course, but it's on the model of the famous clock at Strasbourg. Only think, he began it when I was eight years old; and (though I was sixteen last birthday) it isn't finished yet! Some of our friends were quite surprised he should take to such a thing when his troubles began. But papa himself set that right in no time; he reminded them that Louis the Sixteenth took to lock-making when *his* troubles began—and then everybody was perfectly satisfied." She stopped, and changed colour confusedly. "Oh, Mr. Armadale," she said, in genuine embarrassment this time, "here is my unlucky tongue running away with me again! I am talking to you already as if I had known you for years! This is what papa's friend meant when he said my manners were too bold. It's quite true; I have a dreadful way of getting familiar with people, if——" She checked herself suddenly, on the brink of ending the sentence by saying, "if I like them."

"No, no; do go on!" pleaded Allan. "It's a fault of mine to be familiar, too. Besides, we *must* be familiar; we are such near neighbours. I'm rather an uncultivated sort of fellow, and I don't know quite how to say it; but I want your cottage to be jolly and friendly with my house, and my house to be jolly and friendly with your cottage. There's my meaning, all in the wrong words. Do go on, Miss Milroy; pray go on!"

She smiled and hesitated. "I don't exactly remember where I was," she replied. "I only remember I had something I wanted to tell you. This comes, Mr. Armadale, of my taking your arm. I should get on so much better, if you would only consent to walk separately. You won't? Well, then, will you tell me what it was I wanted to say? Where was I before I went wandering off to papa's troubles and papa's clock?"

"At school!" replied Allan, with a prodigious effort of memory.

"Not at school, you mean," said Miss Milroy; "and all through *you*. Now I can go on again, which is a great comfort. I am quite serious,

Mr. Armadale, in saying that I should have been sent to school, if you had said No when papa proposed for the cottage. This is how it happened. When we began moving in, Mrs. Blanchard sent us a most kind message from the great house, to say that her servants were at our disposal, if we wanted any assistance. The least papa and I could do, after that, was to call and thank her. We saw Mrs. Blanchard and Miss Blanchard. Mrs. was charming, and Miss looked perfectly lovely in her mourning. I'm sure you admire her? She's tall and pale and graceful—quite your idea of beauty, I should think?"

"Nothing like it," began Allan. "My idea of beauty at the present moment——"

Miss Milroy felt it coming, and instantly took her hand off his arm.

"I mean I have never seen either Mrs. Blanchard or her niece," added Allan, precipitately correcting himself.

Miss Milroy tempered justice with mercy, and put her hand back again.

"How extraordinary that you should never have seen them!" she went on. "Why, you are a perfect stranger to everything and everybody at Thorpe-Ambrose! Well, after Miss Blanchard and I had sat and talked a little while, I heard my name on Mrs. Blanchard's lips, and instantly held my breath. She was asking papa if I had finished my education. Out came papa's great grievance directly. My old governess, you must know, left us to be married just before we came here, and none of our friends could produce a new one whose terms were reasonable. 'I'm told, Mrs. Blanchard, by people who understand it better than I do,' says papa, 'that advertising is a risk. It all falls on me, in Mrs. Milroy's state of health, and I suppose I must end in sending my little girl to school. Do you happen to know of a school within the means of a poor man?' Mrs. Blanchard shook her head—I could have kissed her on the spot for doing it. 'All my experience, Major Milroy,' says this perfect angel of a woman, 'is in favour of advertising. My niece's governess was originally obtained by an advertisement, and you may imagine her value to us when I tell you that she lived in our family for more than ten years.' I could have gone down on both my knees and worshipped Mrs. Blanchard then and there—and I only wonder I didn't! Papa was struck at the time—I could see that—and he referred to it again on the way home. 'Though I have been long out of the world, my dear,' says papa, 'I know a highly-bred woman and a sensible woman when I see her. Mrs. Blanchard's experience puts advertising in a new light—I must think about it.' He *has* thought about it, and (though he hasn't openly confessed it to me) I know that he decided to advertise, no later than last night. So, if papa thanks you for letting the cottage, Mr. Armadale, I thank you, too. But for you, we should never have known darling Mrs. Blanchard; and but for darling Mrs. Blanchard, I should have been sent to school."

Before Allan could reply, they turned the corner of the plantation,

and came in sight of the cottage. Description of it is needless; the civilized universe knows it already. It was the typical cottage of the drawing-master's early lessons in neat shading and the broad pencil touch—with the trim thatch, the luxuriant creepers, the modest lattice-windows, the rustic porch, and the wicker birdcage, all complete.

"Isn't it lovely?" said Miss Milroy. "Do come in!"

"May I?" asked Allan. "Won't the major think it too early?"

"Early or late, I'm sure papa will be only too glad to see you."

She led the way briskly up the garden path, and opened the parlour door. As Allan followed her into the little room, he saw, at the further end of it, a gentleman sitting alone at an old-fashioned writing-table, with his back turned to his visitor.

"Papa! a surprise for you!" said Miss Milroy, rousing him from his occupation; "Mr. Armadale has come to Thorpe-Ambrose; and I have brought him here to see you."

The major started—rose, bewildered for the moment—recovered himself immediately, and advanced to welcome his young landlord, with hospitable outstretched hand.

A man with a larger experience of the world, and a finer observation of humanity than Allan possessed, would have seen the story of Major Milroy's life written in Major Milroy's face. The home-troubles that had struck him were plainly betrayed in his stooping figure, and his wan, deeply-wrinkled cheeks, when he first showed himself on rising from his chair. The changeless influence of one monotonous pursuit and one monotonous habit of thought was next expressed in the dull, dreamy self-absorption of his manner and his look while his daughter was speaking to him. The moment after, when he had roused himself to welcome his guest, was the moment which made the self-revelation complete. Then there flickered in the major's weary eyes a faint reflection of the spirit of his happier youth. Then there passed over the major's dull and dreamy manner a change which told unmistakably of social graces and accomplishments, learned at some past time in no ignoble social school. A man who had long since taken his patient refuge from trouble in his one mechanical pursuit; a man only roused at intervals to know himself again for what he once had been. So revealed, to all eyes that could read him aright, Major Milroy now stood before Allan, on the first morning of an acquaintance which was destined to be an event in Allan's life.

"I am heartily glad to see you, Mr. Armadale," he said, speaking in the changelessly quiet subdued tone peculiar to most men whose occupations are of the solitary and monotonous kind. "You have done me one favour already, by taking me as your tenant, and you now do me another by paying this friendly visit. If you have not breakfasted already, let me waive all ceremony on my side, and ask you to take your place at our little table."

"With the greatest pleasure, Major Milroy, if I am not in the way,"



replied Allan, delighted at his reception. "I was sorry to hear from Miss Milroy that Mrs. Milroy is an invalid. Perhaps, my being here unexpectedly; perhaps the sight of a strange face——"

"I understand your hesitation, Mr. Armadale," said the major; "but it is quite unnecessary. Mrs. Milroy's illness keeps her entirely confined to her own room.—Have we got everything we want on the table, my love?" he went on, changing the subject so abruptly, that a closer observer than Allan might have suspected it was distasteful to him. "Will you come and make tea?"

Miss Milroy's attention appeared to be already pre-engaged: she made no reply. While her father and Allan had been exchanging civilities, she had been putting the writing-table in order, and examining the various objects scattered on it with the unrestrained curiosity of a spoilt child. The moment after the major had spoken to her, she discovered a morsel of paper hidden between the leaves of the blotting-book, snatched it up, looked at it, and turned round instantly, with an exclamation of surprise.

"Do my eyes deceive me, papa?" she asked. "Or were you really and truly writing *the* advertisement when I came in?"

"I had just finished it," replied her father. "But, my dear, Mr. Armadale is here—we are waiting for breakfast."

"Mr. Armadale knows all about it," rejoined Miss Milroy. "I told him in the garden."

"Oh, yes!" said Allan. "Pray, don't make a stranger of me, major! If it's about the governess, I've got something (in an indirect sort of way) to do with it too."

Major Milroy smiled. Before he could answer, his daughter, who had been reading the advertisement, appealed to him eagerly, for the second time.

"Oh, papa," she said, "there's one thing here I don't like at all! Why do you put grandmamma's initials at the end? Why do you tell them to write to grandmamma's house in London?"

"My dear! your mother can do nothing in this matter, as you know. And as for me (even if I went to London), questioning strange ladies about their characters and accomplishments is the last thing in the world that I am fit to do. Your grandmamma is on the spot; and your grandmamma is the proper person to receive the letters, and to make all the necessary inquiries."

"But I want to see the letters myself," persisted the spoilt child. "Some of them are sure to be amusing——"

"I don't apologize for this very unceremonious reception of you, Mr. Armadale," said the major, turning to Allan, with a quaint and quiet humour. "It may be useful as a warning, if you ever chance to marry and have a daughter—not to begin, as I have done, by letting her have her own way."

Allan laughed, and Miss Milroy persisted.

"Besides," she went on, "I should like to help in choosing which letters we answer, and which we don't. I think I ought to have some voice in the selection of my own governess. Why not tell them, papa, to send their letters down here—to the post-office or the stationer's, or anywhere you like? When you and I have read them, we can send up the letters we prefer to grandmamma; and she can ask all the questions, and pick out the best governess, just as you have arranged already, without leaving me entirely in the dark, which I consider (don't you, Mr. Armadale?) to be quite inhuman. Let me alter the address, papa—do, there's a darling!"

"We shall get no breakfast, Mr. Armadale, if I don't say Yes," said the major, good-humouredly. "Do as you like, my dear," he added, turning to his daughter. "As long as it ends in your grandmamma's managing the matter for us, the rest is of very little consequence."

Miss Milroy took up her father's pen, drew it through the last line of the advertisement, and wrote the altered address with her own hand as follows:—

*"Apply, by letter, to M., Post-office, Thorpe-Ambrose, Norfolk."*

"There!" she said, bustling to her place at the breakfast-table. "The advertisement may go to London now; and, if a governess *does* come of it, oh, papa, who, in the name of wonder, will she be?—Tea or coffee, Mr. Armadale? I'm really ashamed of having kept you waiting. But it is such a comfort," she added, saucily, "to get all one's business off one's mind before breakfast!"

Father, daughter, and guest sat down together sociably at the little round table—the best of good neighbours and good friends already.

Three days later, one of the London news-boys got *his* business off his mind before breakfast. His district was Diana Street, Pimlico; and the last of the morning's newspapers which he disposed of, was the newspaper he left at Mrs. Oldershaw's door.

---

## The present Position of Landscape Painting in England.

---

It would be difficult to say much more than has been said by Mr. Ruskin on the modern tendency to Landscape Painting. Any one who touches on this theme must re-arrange, collect, and criticize what he has scattered up and down his works. In comparing our arts with those of the Greeks and Romans, and indeed with those of the mediæval and Renaissance periods, we cannot but perceive how much of our attention is directed to inanimate nature. The ancients were occupied with the affairs of civil life almost exclusively. The passions, sentiments, and thoughts of men seemed to them the only fitting subjects of art. Nor did they regard the outer world, except as conducing to the luxuries and comforts of daily life. The beauty of mountain, sea, and sunlight they no doubt appreciated, but they did not care to represent it as it stood before them. Every fact of nature became humanized before the Greeks admitted it within the pale of art. It was not the river, or the tree, or the cloud they sought to reproduce; but the god of streams, the Dryad, and the master of the clouds. With these personages the Greeks could sympathize. A divine being, not very different in kind from himself, was always present to a Greek. The notion of personality in God, in nature, and in man so filled his intellect that it left room for none beside. Very little of this sentiment remains to us. Our monotheistic religion, and the dogma of the creation, have entirely destroyed the belief in deities of woods, and waves, and mountains. Spiritual conceptions have supplanted the concrete forms of Greek mythology, and art has sought to represent subjects of a more reflective and less external character. We have little power over sculpture, but music, poetry, and landscape painting flourish.

Again, the beauty of man was always prominent to the Greeks in their gymnastic grounds, in the dances and processions of their religious ritual, and on the plains of Elis, where all Hellas met to watch the contests of her athletes. To the development of the body they paid an almost exclusive attention. Gymnastics constituted the whole education of a Spartan youth, and the music which Plato added to this training consisted for the most part in a cultivation of harmonious sentiments, and of an æsthetical enjoyment of the beautiful. Modern society in this respect is placed upon quite a different footing. Instead of seeing the human form constantly bare before us, and of rejoicing by experience and by sympathy in the loveliness and strength of well-trained limbs, to uncover the person is considered a disgrace, and mediæval Christianity has taught us an almost morbid contempt for the flesh. Our clumsy clothing, and the awkwardness of our movements, distract attention from the beauty of man, and leave it free to occupy itself with other kinds of natural grace.

Again, it must be remembered that every man of Greece and Rome had political and military interests, which absorbed his activity, and prevented him from becoming self-engrossed in meditation, or in merely private matters. Each individual citizen was of vast importance to the state when wars were frequent and the families from which the soldier and the statesman came were few. In modern days the size of nations relieves each individual from those responsibilities which weighed upon a citizen of Greece or Rome. The business of public life is not sufficient to exercise the faculties of all the cultivated classes. There remains a large body of men who have to seek within themselves the object of their interest, and to whom politics presents no attractions. Hence solitude of soul, and introspection, and the melancholy which loves to be alone with nature, have a place in modern psychology. A morbid sense of isolation results, which has been admirably depicted by Goethe in his *Faust*. This character, to classic thinkers, would have seemed unreal and monstrous in the last degree. They would have shrunk from its unhealthy self-analysis and constant brooding over private pains. But in modern society it has a deep and far-spread truth. It represents a condition of human life which is almost universal, and which constitutes the special gravity of modern, as distinct from ancient modes of thought. The vast importance of the individual in the face of nature and of God is here asserted. Faust, in the anguish of his scepticism, looking at the moonlight, longs to be far off upon the hills, or on the meadows, and to bathe his pain away in mingled light and dew. When passion is struggling with the sense of duty in his soul, he seeks the mountains. We find him among trees and caverns, listening to the tempest and endeavouring to lose his human troubles in the contemplation of eternal nature. Again, after the catastrophe of Margaret's episode it is among the fields, and pines, and waterfalls of Switzerland that Faust recruits his shattered strength.

Nature is always made the antidote of human ills. Its peace contrasts with our unrest, its unbroken continuity with our changefulness, the order of its recurring seasons with our chaotic history, the durability of its powers with our ephemeral lease of life, its calm indifference with our fretfulness and intolerance of pain. Shakspeare, in his play of *As You Like It*, has expressed this aspect of modern sentiment with regard to nature. The lyrics "Under the greenwood tree," and "Blow, blow, thou winter wind," most delicately point the contrast we have tried to draw. But since the days of Shakspeare the love of natural beauty has increased and been developed. He, and the men of his time, cared for the colours, and the scents, and the freshness of the outer world with the keen sensibilities of youth. Man was still uppermost in their thoughts. They loved the earth as a pleasure-ground in which he passed his time. The idea of nature as a vast power—instinct with divinity, from which the human soul, in solitude, might draw great thoughts and inspirations—had not yet occurred to them. They did not find in landscape a mirror of their own emotions, or transfer the feelings of humanity to inanimate objects.

This kind of pantheistic reverence has grown up of late years.

Rousseau led to it by the doctrine which he preached of returning to a state of nature. In the old age of feudal civilization men imagined a golden period of youth, before the growth of statecraft and class prerogatives. Naked savage life appeared to them, half throttled by the chains and bandages of centuries, to be the true condition of the human race. And when the throes which shook Europe, destroying the old forms of social order, had produced a scepticism in the hearts of many, Nature and her undisturbed repose became the only refuge for them in the tumult of the world. Removing their faith from man, and from the god of his imagination, they reposed it in Nature, and in the spirit that controlled the elements. In England, Wordsworth became the high-priest of this creed. Shelley, and Keats, and Coleridge, each in his own way, contributed to render it permanent and influential over thought. The point in which they all agreed, was reverence for Nature as the source of intellectual enjoyment and moral instruction. They were not content with the slight attention which had been paid to her more superficial aspects by preceding poets. They ransacked her deeper secrets, dwelling alone with her, exercising their powers of observation on the minutest incidents, and making pictures from hitherto neglected scenes. Man, in truth, had descended from the high tower of his humanity, whence he had been wont to cast a careless and half-patronizing eye upon the hills and pastures that surrounded him. From that time forward he has learned to recognize that not only are men interesting to mankind, but that also in the world itself there is a dignity and loveliness which he must study with humility and patience. This is a great lesson, the whole value of which has hardly yet been recognized. But the progress of the age in physical science, and in the facilities of locomotion, tend to make it every day more widely felt. The more we know of the universe, as revealed to us by chemistry, geology, astronomy, and all our other instruments of discovery, the less we boast that man is the centre of all things. The world and its immensity necessarily occupy our thoughts more duly than in days when wars and politics and metaphysical discussion filled the minds of men. And while we traverse new countries to satisfy our curiosity, or for the sake of health and pleasure, the various objects of natural interest presented to our eyes, explained by science, or admired for their intrinsic beauty, must extend our observation, and distract our cares from petty griefs and from the sense of personal importance.

The highest claims of landscape painting rest upon the promptitude with which it has arisen to satisfy, to lead, to strengthen, to instruct, and to immortalize these modern tendencies of human intellect. It is a new form of art, because the want from which it springs is new; because the phase of life to which it is adapted has so recent an origin. The Greeks, and the Italians of the Renaissance, did not need it, since they were occupied with the beauty of man. They lived in the two boyhoods and spring-times of the world; but when the bloom of youth had passed away, and reflection led the mind from man to nature, landscape

then began—at first feebly, as an adjunct to figure painting, then timidly asserting for itself an independent sphere, and lastly, in our days, rising to the dignity of an original fine art in which the spirit of the age reflects itself no less distinctly than in music and in poetry.

If we are now able to see why landscape painting has assumed so prominent a place among the arts of modern times, it may be well to ask ourselves what special aim and scope it has, and to review the conditions under which it flourishes in our own country. The object of all art is truth of representation. "The first and last thing required of genius is love of truth," said Goethe. "To hold the mirror up to nature" is another maxim which applies to art. We expect from the artist a faithful transcript of the truth in nature. The more of this truth given, the greater is the art. As a sculptor represents the human form, with human thoughts and passions shining through its beauty, so in landscape painting the artist seeks to show us scenes of natural sublimity and loveliness, with nature's moods depicted on their features. The expression, without which a face is dead and meaningless, may be compared to the "effects" of landscape painting. The greatest artist is he who can depict most powerfully the fleeting smiles of sunlight and of vapour, the lowering menaces of gathering tempests, and all those transitory aspects and rare conditions of the atmosphere which must be studied, waited for, observed, and remembered. The artist stands between nature and the men around him. It is his duty to make them see what they have not seen before, to make them feel what they have not felt, and think what they have not thought. His eyes are constantly fixed upon the beauties of the world, while theirs are bent upon the common things of life. He must select for them the worthiest objects of their contemplation, and exhibit these under the most favourable aspects, so as to draw forth their hidden loveliness and make most prominent those qualities which constitute their dignity. By so doing he will cultivate faculties of observation in many minds which have been dead to all the influences of the outer world. It is only through the medium of pictures that some people have come to care for nature. And all of us are alive to the advantage of possessing portraits of historic scenes which we can never visit, or of realms of beauty which supply our fancy with new loveliness to feed upon. Thus fresh sources of interest are continually being opened up. The education which before consisted in a painful effort to understand conditions widely different from our own, is rendered less difficult. We see before us what we read about. And the thoughts and feelings of other races and of other ages are interpreted to our imagination by familiarity with the natural scenery proper to their development. No one who is alive to the influences of climate and physical circumstance in forming national character will depreciate the value of this "local colouring" procured for us by landscape. Nor is it less delightful to possess some portion of familiar beauty constantly before our eyes. The fields which we have known, the flowers which we have loved, by painting are secured to us from the mutabilities of time.



We carry pieces of the country into our London homes, and, sitting in our room, may traverse cities of the past, desert sands, and "the unfooted sea;" or turn to dwell with interest upon the hedgerows, nests, and primroses of England. If, as we have tried to prove, there is an innate love in modern hearts for nature, no picture that patiently and truthfully reveals her character will seem too small and insignificant. Wordsworth has drawn true poetry and a deep moral from the simplest plant that grows. And this should be the painter's aim. As a priest of Nature, he must recognize her power in every form, from the lineaments of men down to the outlines of the meanest herb.

It has been well said that every picture ought to be a painted poem. For poetry is truth appealing to the intellect, reflected from it, and partaking of the thoughts and feelings of mankind. To be true poetry it must excite the imagination, and connect itself with sympathies that are universal in the world. It stands midway between reality and thought. Poetry has well been called "the beautiful investiture of fact." In this sense a picture is half an idea, and half a thing. To give in words or forms a full description of any natural object would be impossible. The mind must select; and the process of selection resolves itself into a representation of mental impressions. Whatever conduces to the vividness and completeness of the impression renders the poem more exact and true. But multitudes of details foisted in, observed with undue reference to their individual importance, and copied with neglect of the main purpose of the work in hand, disturb the conception. Unity and the controlling intellect are necessary for a work of art. Plato, when describing a good essay, compared it to an animal. He meant that it should be an organic whole, dominated by some central thought, and cohering in such a way that the abstraction or addition of any important part would mar its symmetry. And this metaphor may be applied to every work of art. We often hear people say that some landscape is well copied from a beautiful scene, but that it does not make a picture. It has too much or too little in it. You cannot trace its meaning. Your eye does not rest upon some central fact to which all others are subordinate. In the same way we might condemn a poem which called itself an idyll, or a picture of life, because an episode distracted our attention from the current of the story, or because the author had turned aside to talk of flowers when great interests were at stake. It would be useless for the artist to exclaim, "I saw things as I painted them;" or for the poet to answer that the story as he heard it first was encumbered with extraneous incidents. We should reply, "So it might have been in nature and in life; but what we want in art is some one object for our contemplation, some choice piece of beauty, some instructive thought. Your intellect was not enough at work. You painted everything you saw before you. You did not paint the one impression which it made upon your mind, and carefully avoid all matters that might interfere with its transmission to your fellow-men."

Furthermore, a poem must contain some idea. And this includes the

question of how far landscapes can be made the vehicles of thought and feeling. It is clear that, in order to make them play this part, some human sentiment must be connected with the scenes they represent. The earliest landscape painters sought to give their pictures interest by placing a group of persons in the foreground, engaged in some suggestive occupation. Thus Claude filled up his pastorals with shepherds, and with dances under trees, while Salvator Rosa peopled the gloomy caverns and dark chestnut woods he loved to paint, with bandits and soldiers. Rubens, in the celebrated landscape of the Pitti Gallery at Florence, has painted the story of Ulysses landing after his shipwreck on the shores of Phæacia beneath the palaces and gardens of Alcinous. The storm is broken overhead; vast rain-clouds rolling off remind us of the tempest that is gone. The figure of Ulysses on the shore suggests the fury of the sea from which he has escaped, while Nausicaa and her maidens seem to welcome him to fresh sunlight and repose. The correspondence between returning calm in nature and the escape of the hero from his perils on the sea, produce a unity of conception that makes this picture a fine poem. Many of Turner's greatest works might be taken as examples of the same sympathy between the scene in nature and the fortunes of some hero or historic personage. But the landscape painter need not depend so immediately as in the cases we have cited upon human interest. He may indicate it even in a more subordinate degree. Perhaps the most generally attractive of Turner's pictures is the "Fighting Temeraire." This painting teems with objects and associations that provoke the warmest sympathy; and yet the human life there represented is entirely in the background. The sun is setting over the sea, while the crescent moon stands cold and clear to eastward. Between the sunset and the moonlight a black steamer-tug is drawing an old ship of war to her last resting-place. The sun is going down, and night is coming on; but the red beams of the evening fall upon the steamer, while the white rigging and gigantic hull of the veteran ship look spectral in the pale light of the moon. The pathos of this picture depends upon the sympathy which it excites in us for the vast, helpless man-of-war. Men have always felt a personal attachment to their ships. Argo was respected as a kind of goddess, and Catullus wrote a sonnet to his favourite skiff. Equally in modern times are battle-ships regarded as actual personalities by the men who fight in them.

But, again, it is possible to make a poem in landscape from even simpler elements. The mind of man serves for nature's mirror, but it cannot reflect her scenes precisely as they are. They waken some feelings in his heart which he endeavours to transfer to canvas, in connection with the forms and colours that excited them. We all know how calm, solemnity, and rest are associated with sunset, and how sunrise produces different emotions of a more active and joyous character. This is the simplest instance which can be found of human feeling insensibly connected with external scenes. To a painter, these associations by long communing in solitude with nature become more intense in degree and more varied in kind. Every mood of mind, grave, gay, sublime, languid, tender, or

impassioned, receives its echo in some phase of natural beauty. These he paints, and these it is the critic's and spectator's task to read. Of course these different animating ideas cannot be of a very complex or multiform description. Like the thoughts which music represents, the themes of landscape must be simple and confined within a narrow sphere. But they admit of exquisite gradations and the most delicate expression. In a summer afternoon, such as Giorgione painted, we find peace, the peace of pensive contemplation. Alter the tone, make it gayer and less rich, then a fresh kind of peace suggests itself, less majestic and luxurious than the calm of the Venetian's thought, more commonplace and fit for daily uses. Sunsets over broad flat lands; a promontory running out into a cloudy sky, with waves beneath, and seagulls wheeling at its base; a solitary ship at sunrise; cypress-trees or poplars bent by winds, beside a ruined tower—strike different notes of loneliness and melancholy. Branches dashed together in the forest, or surf strewn with spars chafing against stones, tell us of strife and anguish, danger and unrest. In sunlight on broad meadows we see plenty and content, recalling days of quiet toil, and harvests crowned with happiness. It seems superfluous to spend more time in such illustrations of the poetical thoughts which may be conveyed through landscape painting. Association governs all the actions of our mind, and if the artist but feels strongly, and expresses to the best of his ability what he has felt, his work can scarcely fail to be of value. It is only to the greatest men that high poetic inspiration is vouchsafed. They must stand alone. Their intuitions into nature, whether expressed in form and colour as by Turner, or in music as by Beethoven, or in words as by Shelley, are the highest utterances of art. But the priesthood of the beautiful has many ranks; and it is the painter's privilege that, even though he do not stand among the poets of the world, he yet can embody in his work those emotions which vast numbers feel, which few can express in words, and which, from their purity, universality, and nobleness, are truly poetical.

Though we have dwelt upon the poetry which every picture ought to aim at, many valuable works may be produced which can be estimated only as clear and lucid descriptions of scenery and natural objects. So much has been said respecting the place and purposes of "topographical" painting by Mr. Ruskin, and by the able author of a *Painter's Camp in the Highlands*, that we need not enter into a further discussion of its merits. A good critic will always discern the picture which aims at nothing more than topographical exactitude. But it is not an uncommon fault of people who pretend to criticize our exhibitions, that they class pictures almost entirely by reference to their subject, awarding higher praise to some transcript of grand scenery, which is simply a good map, than they bestow upon the less striking and more unobtrusive subject, which has passed through the mind of an imaginative man, and by his thought has been elevated into poetry. We wish, still, to confine attention to the imaginative style of landscape painting. Speaking generally, we may discern two great classes into which this style divides itself. The one is

contented with broad and simple effects of colour, and of light and shade, deliberately sacrificing all minor details in order to produce a picture which shall stimulate the imagination, and not fatigue it by the effort of minute attention. David Cox is the chief representative of this style. His work gives unfailing pleasure to those who have a knowledge of art and vivid fancy. It is full of suggestions. It rouses our imagination in the same agreeable way as sketches and designs by the great masters do. Much is left to be conceived and filled in by the spectator. This communicates a sense of activity to his intellect, and makes him feel himself to be a fellow-worker with the artist, in the effect produced upon him. But great as this style may become in the hands of an artist like Cox, it cannot be considered the highest sphere of landscape painting. The other, and in our opinion the greater school, aims at a more downright rendering of actual fact. It neglects no characteristic detail, since every accessory may in itself be suggestive, and contribute to the general effect. Pictures of this order cannot be understood at a glance. They require attention, and repay it by the new beauties which may constantly be found in them. Turner is the chief master of this style. In his works we see that he has sought to give the most perfect realization of the object which he studied, and at the same time to communicate to us the impression which it made on him. The greatest landscape painting is that which is fullest, which represents most, so long as every detail be subordinate to one dominant conception. Therefore, in considering his subject, the artist should not neglect the geological features, the vegetation, the character of the soil, the trees, the animal life, the cultivation, the houses, and the people—everything, in short, which may render his portrait of the scene complete. He should pay especial attention to weather, for upon the changes of the sky depend those effects which we before compared to expression in the human countenance. In this minute and patient labour he will follow the steps of the greatest masters, of Tintoretto, Titian, Raphael, and Velasquez; nor need he be afraid of the scorn which has been thrown on the pre-Raphaelistic school for forcing every detail on our attention with equal power. Since it must be remembered that all pictures which commit this error are entirely wrong in their ideal of art. The cardinal rule that cannot be too much insisted on is this:—That detail is only valuable in so far as it builds up a single and characteristic scene. Any fact which is superfluous, or which strikes a note at all discordant with the keynote of the picture, must be ruthlessly discarded, however beautiful. The neglect of this rule has led the pre-Raphaelites often into error. But their failure must not deter painters from the true road to the loftiest ends of art.

We may now turn from a consideration of the scope and aims of landscape painting to review the present state of its appreciation in our country. Whatever may be said about the rank which different styles of painting ought to take, landscape is clearly the most genuine production of the present century. We have been far surpassed in figure painting by the great masters of Italy. Sculpture can hardly be said to exist, so feeble are its achievements in our day; but landscape has attained a

dignity and a power in England to which all efforts of all other schools have only been the prelude. But though this art has such important claims upon our sympathy, full justice has not yet been done it. The system of classifying styles of painting into high and low tends to mislead our judgment. Newspaper critics always speak in terms of disappointment of an exhibition where there is much landscape, and regret the grand old days of figure painting. No doubt the greatest grasp of intellect, and the deepest comprehension of human interests are exhibited in producing such works as those of Raphael and Michael Angelo. Their value, as the means of education, inasmuch as they display the passions, thoughts, attempts, achievements, and aspirations of humanity, far transcends that of any landscape paintings. We might as well compare Wordsworth's studies of nature with Shakspeare's plays, as place Turner on a par with Raphael. Both are good, but the kind is different. We must look for excellence in each, and to weigh them in the scales against one another is mere nonsense. Besides, it must be remembered that at the present day we have no Raphaels or Shakspeares to distract attention from our Turners and Wordsworths. It is more honourable to produce original works of an excellence which has been never equalled in some narrow sphere of art, than to strive in vain for ever to ascend those heights which have been climbed before us by a race of giants. What we have to do, if we must follow out this line of criticism, is to compare the landscapes of our day with the figure pictures of our day, and to judge which style of art has, *after its own kind*, succeeded best. We have no hesitation in giving the palm to landscape painting; but, in order to appreciate its beauty, we require some special education, trained habits of attention, familiarity with nature, and knowledge of the difficulties of art. The painter strives to copy nature. With him *ars est celare artem*. And when he has produced some careful, temperate, and studied work, the uncultivated critic says:—"Any one can imitate what he sees. I saw just such a landscape yesterday. Give me imagination, loftiness, and power." As very few people care for the beauty of poetry and music, there are few who really love nature. What most of us seek among the Alps is air and exercise and novelty; and very few indeed have eyes to see, or memories to recollect, the finest scenes which they have visited. Their impressions pass away from them, and nothing is left behind. It is natural that landscape painting should be tedious, unintelligible, and insignificant to critics of this class. But every one can appreciate figure painting. Here we have a story, a glimpse of life, something with which our own nature renders us familiar. Most men are dubious about mountains, trees, and the colours of the sky or sea, but every one thinks that he can judge a face. Is it pretty or ugly, rare or common? What does it say? What is that man telling to the woman with the fan? To read expression is our daily task, and the outward gestures of the body we can interpret from experience; but to understand the significance of a landscape requires more natural susceptibility to form and colour and composition—more interest

in beauty for its own sake, and a truer love of art and nature. Therefore, though we believe that cultivated people take a genuine delight in landscape painting, it follows that the ignorant and those who have a smattering of knowledge gained from histories of art, quote the verdict of Sir Joshua Reynolds in dispraise of landscape, and exalt themselves by fancying their taste too lofty to admire its trivial charms. Setting aside the higher claims of landscape painting, the difficulties it meets and conquers may reasonably be adduced in its defence. The grandest things in nature must be painted from memory. Her effects are evanescent, and the impressions stamped by them upon the painter's mind must be so vivid as to remain there and to reproduce themselves, when wanted, with reality. This implies vast powers of memory, long study, and complete command over the materials of art. He who has the greatest knowledge of natural facts, and the most vigorous imagination, will succeed best. The figure painter can get more help from his models than the marine or landscape painter from his studies. The one can recur again and again to nature, the other has seen once, and sees no more, the phase of loveliness which first suggested to his mind the picture. We do not, of course, mean to deny that the difficulties of the artist who imagines some dramatic scene, and paints (as he must do) the passions of its characters from memory, are greater far.

Landscape painting in oil, which must be considered the highest branch of this art, has hardly had a fair chance of influencing the public during the past ten years. The tendency has been to swamp all other exhibitions of oil painting in the Royal Academy, while the space which the Royal Academy commands for its exhibitions remains the same. Before we proceed to consider the treatment which landscape painting there receives, it will be well to review rapidly the history of other establishments for the display of pictures. The British Institution is so badly managed, that all our best painters who are not Academicians have ceased to send their pictures there. No law, whatever, seems to regulate the hanging, whence it follows that the exhibition has grown worse and worse. Those artists whose works are not of the vulgar and flashy style which predominates in the British Institution, are afraid to expose pictures refined in colour, and remarkable for no violent contrasts of light and shadow, to the neighbourhood of coarse and gaudy paintings. Landscapes are especially damaged by the "killing" contiguity of brilliant *ad captandum* pictures; for their effect depends upon their truth and subtlety of colour. This is not so much the case with figure subjects. Their greatest qualities may still be seen when the beauty of their colouring has partially been lost. But a fine landscape among bad pictures must be ruined. Turner used to say that his drawings would be "killed" if exhibited at the Water Colour Exhibition. These remarks may be applied with equal force to the Society of British Artists. This institution was founded with a royal charter, and regulations closely modelled upon those of the Royal Academy, to supply room for the pictures of those artists who, for want of space, could not exhibit on the walls of the Academy. Soon after its



formation, the Academy, finding that it would be a formidable rival, passed a rule that no painter should be eligible to election as Associate who belonged to any society of artists. The working of this rule has brought the Society down to its present low level, and our best artists of established reputation, as well as the young rising men, have almost ceased to exhibit there. We must add, however, that the rule in question was last year rescinded in consequence of the Parliamentary Commission on the Royal Academy. Another exhibition of oil pictures at the Portland Gallery, in Regent Street, came to an end about two years ago. It was formed on the plan of exhibitors paying for hanging space, their pictures first being subjected to the approval of a committee. This scheme answered well for a time. The exhibition proved a great help to young painters, especially to landscape painters, and some of the finest landscapes of late years have been exhibited in the Portland Gallery after their rejection by the British Institution and the Academy. However, as the members and the exhibitors could not work well together, and the public did not patronize the exhibition, it expired. The failure of these various institutions has increased the pressure of pictures on the Royal Academy, so that its want of space has been severely felt, and in the bitterness of disappointment the justice of its verdicts has been called in question. If success be a proof of superiority, the Royal Academy stands still highest; nor are we prepared to join in any blame which may be thrown upon a society that has flourished independently for years, and has produced so many noble and illustrious painters. Still, it must be admitted, that landscape painting suffers more than other styles of art from the small accommodation which the rooms of the Academy afford. While figure pictures have still the chance of being hung according to their merits, landscapes are being gradually excluded, or placed in positions so unfavourable as to render them invisible. It is better not to be exhibited at all than to be hoisted up beneath the skylight. Last year only four landscapes, by outsiders, were hung upon the line, excepting one or two little scraps a few inches long. The reason for this neglect must be sought, first, in the fact that figure pictures draw more shillings than landscapes do, for reasons which we have explained above; and, secondly, that a prejudice still clings against the style as being lower in the scale of art. We have already combated this objection, but it is one which cannot fail to have weight with judges trained in the traditions of high art. If we examine the list of Royal Academicians, we shall find that only two painters of *pure* landscape—Creswick and Cooke—have been elected during the last five-and-twenty years. It would be ridiculous to suppose that some effects should not proceed from these causes, though we do not mean to cast the least suspicion on the Royal Academy itself. Landscape is a new thing in the annals of art, and academies are proverbially conservative of rules, observances, authorities, and formulæ.

But be this as it may, the combination of influences which we have endeavoured to describe has proved most prejudicial to our school of landscape painters in oils. The younger men, feeling that they have no

chance of showing what they can achieve, become dispirited, and paint small pictures to attract purchasers. The larger works on which they might have spent both energy and knowledge remain unpainted, because they know that, if produced, they are not likely to be hung. Several of our most promising landscape painters have abandoned oil for water colour from the same despair. This cannot but be looked upon as a misfortune, since, without depreciating water colour, the greatest things are only possible in oils. Oil can represent everything better than water, except, perhaps, a very dark middle distance, and some effects of luminous haze. These effects have as yet been only imitated in oils with success by forcing strong colours and decided masses of dark upon the foreground, which is Linnell's method. The difficulty of getting air and space in oils is greater than in water colours, in so far as they are more dependent upon quality of colouring. Still, when the end has been achieved, success is glorious. In every other respect, the method of oil painting is far superior to any other. It affords scope for more downright and real imitation—for more laboured and conscientious effort. Oil painters never fail to aim at, and accomplish, much more in their pictures than can fall within the province of the water-colourist. In order to test the truth of this remark, it is only necessary to visit the Old Water Colour Exhibition after that of the Royal Academy. Then we feel how much smaller is the demand made upon our intelligence in the former than in the latter. Indeed, the very popularity of water colours depends upon the greater ease with which they can be understood, and also on the practical acquaintance with this method possessed by many persons. It would be a serious injury to art if our water-colour school of landscape painting were to fail; but the injury will be far greater if this school absorb the colourists in oils. Water-colour painting would suffer in itself without the stimulus of emulation to achieve, as far as possible, the more perfect realization of the other method. Yet such an event may be anticipated with some show of reason, unless during the years to come more public justice is awarded to landscapes in oil, or unless the space for exhibition is extended.

This brings us round again to the chief point of difficulty, the narrow room of the Academy. With their present accommodation the utmost desire to do justice would fail. What we want in England are halls as large as those of the new Pinacothek at Munich, or of the Brera at Milan, where pictures, good, bad, and indifferent, are hung with philosophical respect for the proverbially tender feelings of the artist world. At a time when the South Kensington Museum is drawing large sums from the nation, it would scarcely be but fair to place a wider ground for exhibition at the disposal of an institution which has done so much and has received so little. The National Gallery is over-crowded. The Academy requires more space. Burlington House is still unoccupied, except by a scientific society, which could not be unfavourable to the arts. But whether in a year or two our native talent will be better able to display itself, is still an unsettled question.

## Monsieur Babou.

---

### I.

In the immediate vicinity of the capital of the kingdom of Lilliput there is a charming village called "Les Grenouillettes." This rural resort of the citizens of Mildendo consists, mainly, of three hotels, thirty public-houses, and five ponds. The population I should reckon at about ten millions, inclusive of frogs, who are the principal inhabitants, and who make a great noise in the world there.

Hither flock the jocund burgesses, and dance to the sound of harp and viol. . . .

It occurs to me that, sprightly as I may think it to call Belgium Lilliput, the mystification might possibly become tiresome and inconvenient if persisted in throughout this narrative, besides being absolutely unnecessary. As for the village in question, I have a reason or two for not calling it by its right name.

About half a dozen years ago, my brother (Captain John Freshe, R.N.), his wife, and I had been wearily jogging all a summer's day in search of country lodgings for a few weeks, in the immediate neighbourhood of Brussels. Now nothing can be more difficult to find in that locality, except under certain conditions.

You can live at a village hotel, and pay a maximum price for minimum comfort.

You can, possibly, lodge in a public-house, where it will cost you dear, however little you pay.

Or you can, in some villages, hire empty rooms in an entirely empty house, and hire furniture from Brussels, and servants, if you have none, by the month.

This last alternative has the advantage of ennobling your position into a quasi-martyrdom, by, in a measure, compelling you to stay where you are, whether you like it or not.

Towards the end of that longest of the long days, we began to regard life and circumstance with the apathy of despair, and to cease to hope for anything further from them except dinner.

The capital of the kingdom of Lilliput appeared to be partially surrounded by a vast and melancholy campaign of turnips. These wilds immeasurably spread, seemed lengthening as we went. Village after village had we reached, and explored in vain. Judging by our feelings, I should say we had ransacked at least half-a-hundred of those rural colonies. Almost all these villages possessed at least six public-houses and two

ponds. Some few had no ponds, but all had six public-houses. Rural, dusty, cracked public-houses; with frowzy gardens, with rotten, sloppy tables and benches; with beery gorillas playing at quoits and ninepins.

The names of none of these settlements seemed to us pronounceable by human beings, with the exception of two, which sounded like Diggum and Hittumontheback. But our city driver appeared to be acquainted with the Simian tongue, and was directed from village to village by the good-natured apes whom he interrogated.

About sunset we came to a larger and quite civilized place, with a French name, signifying "The Tadpoles;" the place I have described at the commencement of this narrative. Our dusty fly and dejected horse turned into the carriage entrance of the first little hotel we saw. It stood sideways to a picturesque little lake, with green shores. The carriage entrance went through the house. Beyond, we had caught sight of a paved yard or court, and of a vista of green leafiness that looked cool and inviting. We heard the noisy jangling of a barrel-organ playing a polka, and we found a performance going on in the court that absorbed the attention of the whole household. No one seemed to hear, or at least to heed, the sound of our wheels, but when our vehicle fairly stopped in the paved yard, a fishy-eyed waiter came towards us, jauntily flipping time with his napkin. We begged him to get us dinner instantly.

"Way, Mosou," replied that official, in the sweet Belgian-French language, and let us out of the fly. We had been so long cramped up in it, that we were glad to walk, and stand, and look about the court while our food was got ready.

The organ-grinder had not ceased grinding out his polka for a moment. The wiry screams of his infernal machine seemed to charm him as much as they did the rest of the company assembled. He was the usual Savoyard with a face like a burnt crust; all fire-brown eyes, sable ringlets, and insane grimace. He leaned against a low stone post, and ground out that horrible bray, like a grinning maniac. We walked to a short distance, and took in the scene.

A little sallow young man, having a bushy moustache, stood near a door into the house, with a dish in his hand, as if he had been transfixed in the act of carrying it somewhere. Beside him, on the step of the door, sat a blonde young woman, with large blue eyes and a little mouth—as pretty and as *fade* as a Carlo-Dolcian Madonna. Evidently these were the landlord and his lady.

On a garden-bench, by the low wall that divided the court from the garden beyond, sat, a little apart, a young person of a decidedly French aspect, dressed quite plainly, but with Parisian precision, in black silk. In her hand and on her lap lay some white embroidery. She was not pretty, but had neat small features, that wore a pleasant though rather sad smile, as she suspended her work to watch what was going on. An old woman in a dark-blue gown and a clean cap, with a pile of freshly-ironed linen in her arms, stood at the top of some steps leading into

a little building which was probably the laundry. She was wagging her old head merrily to the dance tune. Other lookers-on lounged about, but some of them had vanished since our arrival; for instance, the fishy-eyed waiter, and a burly individual in a white nightcap.

The centre of attraction remains to be described. Within a few paces of the organ-grinder, a little girl and boy danced indefatigably on the stones, to the unmusical music of his box. The little boy was a small, fair, sickly child, in a linen blouse, and about four years old. He jumped, and stamped, and laughed excitedly. The little girl looked about a year older. She was plump and rosy, dressed in a full pink frock and black silk apron. She had light brown hair, cut short and straight, like a boy's. She danced very energetically, but solemnly, without a smile on her wee round mouth. She pousetted, she twirled—her pink frock spread itself out like a parasol. Her fat little bare arms akimbo, she danced in a gravely coquettish, thoroughly business-like way; now crossing, changing places with her partner; now setting to him, with little pattering feet; now suddenly whisking and whirling off. The little boy watched her, and followed her lead: she was the governing spirit of the dance. Both children kept admirable time. They were dancing the Tarantella, though they had never heard of it; but of all the poetry of motion, the Tarantella is the most natural measure to fall into.

The organ-grinder ground, and grinned, and nodded; the landlord and his wife exchanged looks of admiration and complacency whenever they could take their eyes off the little dancing nymph: it was easy to see they were her proud parents. The quiet young lady on the bench looked tenderly at the tiny, sickly boy, as he frisked. We felt sure she was his mother. His eyes were light blue, not hazel; but he had the same neat little features.

All of a sudden, down from an open window looking into the court, there came an enormous voice—

"Ah, ah! Bravo! Ah, ah, Monsieur Babébibo-bou!"

The little boy stopped dancing; so did the little girl, and every one looked up at the window. The little boy, clapping his hands and screaming with glee, ran under it. No one could be seen at that aperture, but we had caught a momentary glimpse of a big blond man in a blue blouse, who had instantly dropped out of sight, and who was crouching on the floor, for we saw, though the child below could not, the top of his straw hat just above the window-edge. The little boy screamed, "Papa, papa!" The great voice, making itself preternaturally gruff, roared out—

"Qui est là? Est ce par chance Monsieur Babébibo-bou? (The first syllables very fast, the final one explosive.)

"Way, way! C'est Mosou Babi-bou!" cried the child, trying to imitate the gruff voice, and jumping and laughing ecstatically.

Out of the window came flying a huge soft ball of many colours, and then another roar: "Avec les compliments du Roi de tous les joujoux, à Monsieur Babébibo-bou!"

More rapture. Then a large white packet, palpably sugarplums, "*Avec les compliments de la Reine de tous les bonbons, à Mademoiselle Marie, et à Monsieur Babébibo-bou !*"

Rapture inexpressible, except by shrill shrieks and capers. The plump little girl gravely advances and assists at the examination of the packet, popping comfits into her tiny mouth with a placid melancholy, which I have often observed in fat and rosy faces.

Meanwhile, the organ-grinder has at last stopped grinding, has lowered his box, and is eating a plateful of cold meat and bread which the old woman has brought out to him. The landlord and his wife have disappeared. The young Frenchwoman on the garden-bench has risen, and come towards the children; and now, from a door-way leading into the house, issues the big blond man we caught a momentary glimpse of at the window.

The little boy abandons the sugarplums to his playfellow, and crying—"Papa ! papa !" darts to the new comer, who stoops and gathers him up to his broad breast, in his large arms and hands, kissing him fondly and repeatedly. The child responds with like effusion. The father's great red face, with its peaked yellow beard, contrasts, touchingly somehow, with the wee pale phiz of his little son. The child's tiny white puds pat the jolly cheeks and pull the yellow beard. Then the man in the blouse sets his son carefully on the ground, and kisses the young Frenchwoman who stands by.

The big man has evidently been absent awhile from his family. "How goes it, my sister ?" says he.

"Well, my brother," she answers quietly. "Thou hast seen Auguste dance. Thou hast seen how well, and strong, and happy he is—the good God be thanked."

"And after Him, thee, my good sister," says the big man, affectionately.

We had been called in to dinner by this time, but the open window of our eating-room looked into the court close to where the group stood. We observed that Mademoiselle Marie had remained sole possessor of the packet of sweets; and that the little boy, content to have got his papa, made no effort to assert his rights in them. The big papa interfered, saying, "*Mais, mais, la petite . . . Give at least of the bonbons to thy comrade. It is only fair.*"

"Let her eat them, Jean," put in his sister, with naïve feminine generosity and justice. "They are so unwholesome for Auguste, seest thou."

The big man laughed, lit his pipe, and the three went away into the little garden, where they strolled, talking in the summer twilight.

We came happily to an anchor here, in this foggy little haven, and finding we could secure, at tolerably moderate charges, the accommodation we required, made up our minds to stay at this little hotel for the few weeks of our absence from Brussels.



## II.

NEXT morning we were breakfasting in the garden under a trellis of hop-leaves, when the big man in the blouse came up the gravel-walk, with his small son on his shoulder.

They were making a tremendous noise. The little boy was pulling his father's great red ear; he affected to bellow with anguish, his roaring voice topped by the child's shrill, gleeful treble. We saluted the new comers in a neighbourly manner.

"A beautiful day, Madame," said the big man, in French, taking off his hat and bowing politely to John's wife, at the same time surrounding his son safely with his left arm.

"Madame and these Messieurs are English, is it not?"

"A pretty place," we went on to say, after owning our nationality, "and very pleasant in this hot weather after the glare of Brussels."

"It is that; and I am here as often as possible," returned our new acquaintance. "My sister is staying here for the advantage of this little man. . . . Monsieur Auguste, at your service. Salute then the society, Auguste. You must know he has the pretension to be a little delicate, this young man. An invalid, if you please, consequently his aunt spoils him! It is a ruse on his part, you perceive. Ah, bah! An invalid! My word, he fatigues my poor arm. Ah—h! I cannot longer sustain him. I faint—I drop him—down he goes . . . la—a—à!"

Here, lowering him carefully, as if he were crystal, he pretended to let his son suddenly tumble on a bit of grass-plot.

"At present" (grumbling) "here he is, broken to pieces probably; we shall have the trouble of mending him. His aunt must bring her needle and thread."

Monsieur Auguste was so enchanted with this performance that he encored it ecstatically. His father obeyed, and then sent him off running to call out his aunt to breakfast, which was laid under a neighbouring trellis.

"He is strong on his legs, is it not, Madame?" said the father, looking after him; his jolly face and light blue eyes a little grave, and wistful. "His spirits are so high, see you? He is too intelligent, too intellectual—he has a little exhausted his strength; that says all. He is well enough; he has no malady; and every day he is getting stouter, plainly to the eye."

Here the aunt and nephew joined us. Our new acquaintance introduced her.

"Ma belle-sœur. Ma chère,—Madame, and these Messieurs are English. They are good enough to take an interest in this infant Hercules of ours."

He tossed the child on his shoulder again; established on which throne his little monarch amused himself by ornamenting the parental straw-hat with a huge flaring poppy and some green leaves, beneath which the jovial face bloomed Bacchic.

Meanwhile the quiet young Frenchwoman, smiling affectionately at those playfellows as they went off together, sat down on a chair we offered her, and frankly entered into conversation.

In a few minutes we knew a great deal about this little family. The man in the blouse was a Belgian painter, Jean Baudin, and "well seen in the expositions of Paris and Brussels." "His wife was my sister: we were of Paris. When our little Auguste was born, my poor sister died. She was always delicate. The little one is very delicate. Ah, so delicate, also. It is impossible to be over-careful of him. And his father, who is so strong—so strong! But the little one resembles in every manner his mother. His poor father adores him, as you see. Poor Jean! he so tenderly loved his wife, who died in her first youth. . . . She had but eighteen years—she had six years less than I. In dying she begged me to be to her infant a mother, and to her poor Jean a sister. Jean is a good brother, bon et brave homme. And for the little one, he is truly a child to be adored—judiciously, it is understood, madame: I spoil him not, believe me. But he is clever to astonish you, that child. So spiritual, and then such a tender little good heart—a disposition so amiable. Hardly he requires correction. . . . Auguste! how naughty thou art! Auguste! dost thou hear? Jean! take him then off the dusty wall, and wipe him a little. Mon ami, thou spoilest the child; one must be judicious."

We presently left the garden, and in passing, beheld Monsieur Auguste at breakfast. He was seated between his papa and aunt, and was being adored by both (judiciously and injudiciously) to the heart's content of all three.

We stayed a month at this little hotel at The Tadpoles. The English family soon fraternized with that of Jean Baudin, the Flemish painter, also sojourning there, and the only other resident guests.

John's wife and Mademoiselle became good friends and gossips, and sat at work and chat many a summer hour under the hop trellises. Mademoiselle Rose Leclerc was the Frenchwoman's name, but her name of ceremony was simply "Mademoiselle." John and I used to walk about the country, among the lanes, and woods, and hamlets which diversify the flats on that side of Brussels, accompanying Jean Baudin and his paint-box. We sat under a tree, or on a stone fence, smoking pipes of patience, while Jean made studies for those wonderful, elaborate tiny pictures, the work of his big hands, by which he and his little son lived. I remember, in particular, a mossy old cottage, rough and grey; the front clothed with vines, the quaint long gable running down behind to within a yard of the ground. Baudin sketched that cottage very often; and often used its many picturesque features.

Sometimes it was the rickety, black-timbered porch, garlanded with vine: a sonsy, blond-haired young Flemish maiden sat there, and twirled the bobbins on a lace-cushion, in a warm yellow flicker of sunshine. Sometimes Jean went right into the porch and into the cottage itself, and

presently brought us out an old blue-gowned, black-coifed creature, knitting as she kicked the grand-babe's clumsy cradle with her clumsy sabot;—a ray through the leafy little window-hole found the crone's white hair, and the infant cheek. Honest Jean only painted what he saw with his eyes. He could copy such simple poetry as this, and feel it too, though he could indite no original poems on his canvas pages. He was a hearty good fellow, and we soon got to like him, and his kindly, unpretentious, but not unshrewd, talk—that is, when it could be got off the paternal grooves—which, to say the truth, was seldomer than we (who were not ourselves at that period the parents of prodigies,) may have secretly desired.

In the summer evenings we used to sit in the garden all together, the ladies graciously permitting us to smoke. We liked to set the children a-dancing again on the grass-plot before us; and I must here confess that they saltated to a mandolin touched by this hand. I had studied the instrument under a ragged maestro of Naples, and flattered myself I performed on it with credit to both, and to the general delight.

Sometimes Jean Baudin would tie to his cane a little pocket-handkerchief of Monsieur Auguste, and putting this ensign into his hand, cause him to go through a certain vocal performance of a martial and defiant character. The pale little man did it with much spirit, and a truculent aspect, stamping fiercely at particular moments of the strain. I can only remember the effective opening of this entertainment. Thus it began—“*Les Belges*” (at this point the small performer threw up the staff and flag of his country, and shouted *ff*) “*SONT BRAVES!!*” Papa and aunt regarded with pride that ferocious champion of his valiant compatriots, looking round to read our astonishment and rapture in our faces.

We all got on excellently with the hotel folk, ingratiating ourselves chiefly by paying a respectful court to the solid and rosy little princess of the house. Jean Baudin painted her, sitting placid, a little open-mouthed, heavy-lidded, over-fed, with a lapful of cherries. We all made much of her and submitted to her. John's wife presented her with a frock of English print, of a charming apple-green; out of which the fat pink face bloomed like a carnation-bud out of its calyx.

The young landlord would bring us out a dish to our garden dinner-table, on purpose that he might linger and chat about England. That country, and some of its model institutions, appeared to excite in his mind a mixture of awe and curiosity, wonder and horror. For instance, he had heard—he did not altogether believe it—(deprecatingly)—that not only were the shops of London closed, with shutters, on the Sunday, but also the theatres; and not only the theatres, but also the expositions, the gardens and salons of dance, of music, of play. How! it was actually the truth?

“Certainly what Madame was good enough to affirm one must believe. But then what do they? No business, no amusement—what then do they, mon Dieu!——”

"They go to church, and read the Bible, and keep the Sabbath day holy," asserts Mrs. Freshe, in perfect good faith, and severely and proudly, as becomes a Protestant Britishwoman.

"Tiens, tiens! But it is triste, that—— Is it not that it is triste, Madame? Tiens, tiens! And this is that which is the Protestantism. Since Madame herself affirms it, one can doubt no longer."

And he goes pondering away, to tell his wife; but I fear with no increased tendency to the reformed faith.

Even Joseph, the stolid and fishy-eyed waiter, patronized us, and gravely did us a hundred obliging services beyond his official duty.

On a certain evening, Mademoiselle, John, John's wife, and I, sat as usual at book or work under the trellises; while the two children, at healthful play, prattled under the shade of the laurel-bushes hard by. As usual, the solid little Flemish maiden was tyrannizing calmly over her playfellow. We constantly heard her small voice, quiet, slow, and dominating: "*Je le veux.*" "*Je ne le veux pas.*" They had for playthings a little handbell and a toy-waggon, and were playing at railways. Auguste was the porter, trundling up, with shrill cries, heavy luggage-trucks piled with gravel, gooseberry skins, tin soldiers, and bits of cork. Marie was a rich and haughty lady about to proceed by the next convoi, and paying an immense sum, in daisies, for her ticket, to Auguste, become a clerk. A disputed point in these transactions appeared to be the possession of the bell; the frequent ringing of which was indeed a principal feature of the performance. Auguste contended hotly, but with considerable show of reason, to this effect:—That the instrument belonged to him, in his official capacities of porter and clerk, rather than to the rich and haughty lady, who as a passenger was not, and could not be, entitled to monopolize the bell of the company. Indeed, he declared himself nearly certain that, as far as his experience went, passengers never did ring it at all. But Marie's "*Je le veux*" settled the dispute, and carried her in triumph, after the crushing manner of her sex, over all frivolous masculine logic.

Mademoiselle sat placid beside us, doing her interminable and elaborate satin-stitch. She was working at a broad white slip, intended, I understood, to form the ornamental base of a petticoat. It was at least a foot wide, of a florid and labyrinthine pattern, full of oval and round holes, which appeared to have been cut out of the stuff in order that Mademoiselle might be at the pains of filling them up again with thready cobwebs. She would often with demure and innocent complacency display this fabric, in its progress, to John's wife (who does not herself, I fancy, excel in satin-stitch), and relate how short a time (four months, I think,) she had taken to bring it so near completion. Mrs. Freshe regarded this work of art with feminine eyes of admiration, and slyly remarked that it was really beautiful enough "*même pour un trousseau.*" At the same time she with difficulty concealed her disapproval of the waste of precious time incurred by the authoress of the petticoat-

border. Not that Mademoiselle could be accused of neglecting the severer forms of her science; such as the construction of frocks and blouses for Monsieur Auguste—adorned, it must be admitted, with frivolous and intricate convolutions of braid. And the exquisite neatness of the visible portions of Monsieur Jean's linen also bore honourable testimony to Mademoiselle's more solid labours.

Into the midst of this peaceful garden-scene entered a new personage. A man of middle height, with a knapsack at his back, came up the gravel-walk: a handsome brown-faced fellow of five-and-thirty, with a big black beard, a neat holland blouse, and a grey felt hat.

Mademoiselle and he caught sight of each other at the same instant.

Both gave a cry. Her rather sallow little face flushed like a rose. She started up; down dropped her petticoat-work; she ran forward, throwing out her hands; she stopped short—shy, and bright, and pretty as eighteen! The man made a stride and took her in his arms.

"Ma Rose! ma Rose! Enfin!" cried he, in a strangled voice.

She said nothing, but hung at his neck, her two little hands on his shoulders, her face on his breast.

But that was only for a moment. Then Mademoiselle disengaged herself, and glanced shamefacedly at us. Then she came quickly up—came to John's wife, slid an arm round her neck, and said rapidly, tremulously, with sparkling, tearful eyes,—

"C'est Jules, Madame. C'est mon fiancé depuis quatre ans. Ah, Madame, j'ai honte—mais,"—and ran back to him. She was transformed. In place of that staid, almost old-maidish little person we knew, lo! a bashful, rosy, smiling girl, tripping, skipping, beside herself with happy love! And her little collar was all rumpled, and so were her smooth brown braids. Monsieur Jules took off his felt hat, and bowed politely when she came to us, guessing that he was being introduced. His brown face blushed a little too: it was a happy and honest one, very pleasant to see.

The children had left off playing, and stared wide-eyed at these extraordinary proceedings. Mademoiselle ran to her little nephew, and brought him to Jules.

"I recognize well the son of our poor Lolotte," said he, softly, lifting and kissing him. "And that dear Jean, where is he?"

Even as he spoke there came a familiar roar from that window overlooking the court-yard, by which the painter sat at his easel almost all day.

"Ohé! Monsieur Ba-Bou!"

The little boy nearly jumped out of his new friend's arms.

"Papa! papa! Laissez-moi, donc, Mosou!—Papa!"

"Is it that thou art by chance this monsieur whom they call?" laughed Jules, as he put him down.

"Way, way!" cried the little man as he pattered off, with that gleeful shriek of his. "C'est moi, Mosou Ba-Bou! Ba-Bou!"

"Thou knowest that great voice of our Jean," said Mademoiselle;

"when he has finished his day's labour he always calls his child like that. Having worked all day for the little one, he goes now to make himself a child to play with him. He calls that to rest himself. And truly the little one idolizes his father, and for him will leave all other playfellows—even me. Come then, Jules, let us seek Jean."

And with a smiling salute to us the happy couple went arm-in-arm out of the garden.

### III.

WE did not see much of our friends the next day. After their early dinner, Jean came up the garden all alone, to smoke a pipe, and stretch his legs before he returned to his work. We thought his good-natured face was a little sad, in spite of his cheerful *abord*, as he came to our garden parlour and spoke to us.

"It is a pleasure to see them, is it not?" said he, looking after the lovers, just vanishing under the archway of the court-yard, into the sunny village road. Mademoiselle had left off her sober black silk, and floated in the airiest of chintz muslins.

"My good little Rose merits well her happiness. She sent that brave Jules marching four years ago, because she had promised my poor wife not to abandon her helpless infant. Truly she has been the best of little mothers to my Auguste. Jules went away angry enough; but without doubt he must have loved her all the better when he came to reflect. He has been to Italy, to Switzerland, to England—know I where? He is artist-painter, like me—of France always understood. Me, I am Flemish, and very content to be the compatriot of Rubens, of Vandyke. But Jules has very much talent: he paints also the portraits, and has made successes. He is a brave boy, and deserves his Rose."

"Will the marriage take place now, at last?" we ventured to ask.

"As I suppose," answered Jean, his face clouding perceptibly.

"But you will not separate; you will live together, perhaps," suggested John's wife.

"Ah, Madame, how can that be? Jules is of France and I of Belgium. When I married I brought my wife to Brussels; naturally he will carry his to Paris. C'est juste."

"Poor little Auguste will miss his aunt," said John's wife, involuntarily, "and she will hardly bear to leave him, I think."

"Ah, Madame," said Jean, with ever so little bitterness in his tone, "what would you?" The little one must come second now; the husband will be first. Yes, yes, and it is but fair! Auguste is strong now, and I must find him a good *bonne*. I complain not. I am not so ungrateful. My poor Rose must not be always the sacrifice. She has been an angel to us. See you, she has saved the life of us both. The little one must have died without her, and apparently I must have died without the little one. C'est simple, n'est ce pas?" smiling. Then he gave a sigh, truly



as if he could not repress it; and walked away hastily. We looked after him, compassion in our hearts.

"That little sickly boy will hardly live if his aunt leaves him," said Mrs. Freshe, "*and his father knows it.*"

"But what a cruel sacrifice if she stayed!" said John.

"And can her lover be expected to wait till Auguste has grown up into a strong man?" I put in.

The day after was Sunday. Coming from an early walk, I heard a tremendous clamour, of woe or merriment, proceeding from a small sitting-room that opened into the entrance passage. The door was wide, and I looked in. Jean Baudin was jammed up in a corner, behind a barricade of chairs, and was howling miserably, entreating to be let out. His big sun-browned face was crowned by a white coif made of paper, and a white apron was tied round his great waist over his blue blouse. Auguste and Marie danced about the barricade with shrill screams, frantic with joy.

When Baudin saw me he gave a dismal yell, and piteously begged me to come to his assistance. "See, then, my dear young gentleman, how these bandits, these rebels, these demons, maltreat their poor *bonne*! Help, help!" and suddenly, with a roar like a small Niagara, he burst out of his prison and took to his heels, round and round the court, and up the garden, the children screaming after him—the noise really terrific. Presently it died away, and he came back to the door-step where I stood, Auguste on his shoulder, and the little maiden demurely trotting after. "At present I am the *bonne*," said he; "Rose and her Jules are gone to church; so is our hostess. In the meanwhile I undertake to look after the children. Have you ever seen a little *bonne* more pretty? with my coquette cap and my neat apron—hein?"

That evening the lovers went out in a boat on the great pond, or little lake, at the back of the hotel. They carried Auguste with them. We all went to the water's edge; the rest remained a while, leaning over the rails that partly skirted the parapet wall—except Jean, who strolled off with his tiny sketch-book. A very peaceful summer picture was before us, which I can see now if I shut my eyes—I often see it. A calm and lovely August evening near sunset: a few golden feathers float in the blue sky. Below, the glassy pond that repeats blue sky, red-roofed cottages, green banks, and woody slopes—repeats also the solitary boat rowed by Jules, the three light-coloured figures it contains, and a pair of swans that glide stately after. The little boy is throwing bits of bread or cake to them.

As we stood there and admired this pretty little bright panorama, John's wife observed that the child was flinging himself dangerously forward, in his usual eager, excited way, at every cast he made.

"I wonder," said she, "that his aunt takes no notice; she is so absorbed in talk with Jules she never turns her head. Look! look! A—h!"

A dreadful shriek went up from lake and shore. The poor little

fellow had overbalanced himself, and had gone headlong into the lake. Some one flashed off the parapet wall at the same moment, and struck the water with a splash and a thud. Some one was tearing through it like a steam-engine, towards the boat. It was my brother John. We saw and heard Jules, frantic, and evidently impotent to save; we saw him make a vain clutch at something that rose to the surface. At the same time we perceived that he had scarce power to keep Rose with his left hand from throwing herself into the water.

Hardly three minutes had yet passed, yet half the population seemed thronging to the lake-side, here, where the village skirted it.

And suddenly we beheld a terrible—a piteous sight. A big, bare-headed man, that burst through the people, pale, furious, awful; his teeth set, his light blue eyes flaring. He seemed to crash through the crowd, splintering it right and left, like a bombshell through a wall, and was going crazy and headlong over the parapet into the water. He could swim no more than Jules.

“Sauvé! sauvé!” cried John’s wife, gripping his hand, and hanging to it, as he went rushing past. “My husband has found him. See! see there, Jean Baudin! He holds up the dear child.”

She could not have kept him back a moment—probably he did not feel her touch; he was only dragging her with him. But his wild eyes, fixed and staring forward, had seen for themselves what he never heard her say.

Fast, fast as one arm could oar him, my brother was bringing Jean his little one, held above water by the other hand. Then that poor huge body swayed and shivered; the trembling hands went out, the face unlocked a little, there came a hoarse sob, and like a thin strangled cry in a dream,—

“Mon petit! mon petit!”

But strong again, and savage with love, how he snatched the pale little burden from John, and tore up the bank to the hotel. There were wooden back-gates that opened into the court on the lake-side, but which were unused and locked. At one mighty kick they yawned open before Jean, and he rushed on into the house. Here all had been prudently prepared, and the little dripping body was quickly stripped and wrapped in hot blankets. The village doctor was already there, and two or three women. Jean Baudin helped the doctor and the women with a touching docility. All his noisy roughness was smoothed. He tamed his big voice to a delicate whisper. He spoke and moved with an affecting submissive gentleness, watching what there was he could do, and doing it exactly as he was bid. Now and then he spoke a word or two under his breath, “One must be patient, I know, Monsieur le Médecin; yes, yes.” And now and then he muttered piteously,—“Mon petit! mon petit!” But he was as gentle as a lamb, and touchingly eager to be helpful.

In half an hour his pain got the better of him a little.

“Mais, mon Dieu, mon Dieu!” he moaned, “how I suffer! Ah,

Monsieur, is it not that he breathes a little, my dear little one? Ah, my God, save me him! Mon petit, mon petit!"

He went into a corner of the room, and stood with his forehead against the wall, his shoulders heaving with silent sobs. Then he came back quiet and patient again.

"Priez, priez pour moi, Madame," said he, once, to John's wife.

"I am praying without ceasing, my poor friend," said she. And once she hastily laid a handkerchief soaked in essence on his forehead, for she thought he was surely going to faint, when the hope, long, long deferred, began to turn his heart sick.

All this time John and I lingered in the dusky passage, in which that door ajar made a cleft of yellow light. Every now and then a dim figure stole up to us with an eager sad whisper, asking, "How goes it? how goes it?" and slipped away downstairs again with the comfortless answer.

It was poor Jules, who could do nothing for his Rose but this. She had thrown herself on the floor in a darkening room, and lay there moaning. Her dire anguish, sharp as a mother's for the little one, was cruelly and unduly aggravated by self-reproach, and by the self-inflicted agony of her exile from that room upstairs. She dared not enter Jean's presence. She felt that he must for ever abhor the sight of her; she was afraid he might curse her! She rejected all kindness, all sympathy, especially from Jules, whom she quite fiercely ordered to quit her. But when it got quite dark, the poor fellow took in a candle, and set it on a table; and he spent the time in going up and downstairs to fetch her that whisper of news, which, perhaps, he sweetened with a little false hope before he offered it to her.

At last we outside heard a movement—a stifled exclamation; and then one of the women ran out.

"The child has opened his eyes!" said she, as she hurried downstairs for some article required.

Presently we heard a man sobbing softly; and then—yes, a faint tiny voice. And after that—nothing, for a long while. But at last—at last! a miserable awful cry, and a heavy, heavy fall. And then came out John's wife, at sight of whose face we turned sick at heart, and followed her silently downstairs. We knew what had happened: the little one was dead.

He had opened his eyes, and had probably known his father: for the light that his presence always kindled there had come into the little white face. Jean, too ready to clutch the delusive hope, fell a-sobbing with rapture, and kissing the little fair head. The child tried to speak, and did speak, though but once.

"He said, 'Ba-Bou,' quite distinctly," said John's wife, "and then such a pretty smile came; and it's—it's there still, on his little dear dead face, John."

Here she broke down, and went into a passion of tears, sobbing for "poor Jean! poor Jean!"

He had fainted for the first time in his strong life, and so that blessed unconsciousness was deadening the first insupportable agony of his dreadful wound. They carried him out, and laid him on his bed, and I believe the doctor bled him. They hoped he would sleep afterwards from sheer exhaustion.

Presently poor Jules came to us, crying like a child, and begging us to go to his Rose to try to rouse her, if only to make her weep. She had fallen into a dry depth and abyss of despair—an icy crevasse, where even his love could not reach her.

Since she had known the child was dead, she had not stirred, except to resist, moaning, every attempt to lift her from the floor where she had cast herself, and except that she shuddered and repulsed Jules, especially, whenever he went near her.

We went into the room where she lay. My good brother stooped, and spoke to her in his tender, manly fashion, and lifted her, with a resolution to which she yielded, and seated her on a sofa beside his wife, whose kind arms closed round her suffering sister.

And suddenly some one had come in whom Rose could not see, for her eyes were pressed to that womanly bosom. John's wife made a little warning gesture that kept us others silent.

It was poor Jean himself; he came in as if in search of somewhat; he was deadly pale, and perhaps half unconscious what he did. He was without shoes, and his clothes and blond hair and beard were tumbled and disordered—just as when they had laid him on his bed. When he saw Rose, he came straight up to her, and sat down on her other side.

"Ma pauvre Rose," said he, piteously—

She gave a cry and start of terror, and turned and saw him. The poor fellow's broken heart was in his face; she could not mistake the sweet-natured anguish there. Half bewildered by his inconceivable grief, he had gone to her, instinctively, like a child, for sympathy and comfort.

"Ma pauvre Rose," said he, brokenly; "notre petit——"

Passionately she took his great head between her hands, and drew it down on her bosom, and kissed it—passionately weeping at last.

And we all came out softly, and left them—left them to that Pity which sends us the wholesome agony of such tears.

---

## A Midsummer Ride in South China.

---

THE comet of July, 1861, was glittering in a starlit sky when the writer of this paper, proceeding on certain business to the interior of the province of Kwang-tung, took a last look back at the Great North Gate of Canton, whence exit had been granted him by the sullen French guard who were constituted a standing garrison and nuisance at that portal. Of the eight gates to the city—which was then occupied by a force of some three thousand British troops, associated with a couple of hundred French marines—seven were garrisoned by detachments from the British regiments, and were kept constantly open for the convenience of the native inhabitants; but on the part of our gallant allies there existed an evident resolve to compensate the smallness of their force by a considerable amount of pretension and display; and the French “corps of occupation” cleverly made its otherwise insignificant presence known by closing, double-locking, and refusing to open, under any persuasion other than that of a military pass, the solitary gate which it was their privilege to garrison. My passage was not, however, to be disputed by even the sulkiest of sentries, and I was soon traversing with my party the peaceful expanse of country which, skirted on the right hand by the low line of hills known as the White Cloud range, extends in an otherwise unbroken flat of unctuous rice-lands for a distance of thirty or forty miles from the walls of Canton. My mission now led me to traverse this plain, and to enter the mountain region which forms its northern boundary, constituting the last declivities of the great eastern spurs of the Himalayan range.

A week's ride during the hottest month in China, when the thermometer even at midnight is seldom seen as low as eighty degrees, and when its noonday range is frequently above rather than below the dreadful degree of ninety-five, is not an expedition to be undertaken from choice; but no matter what may be the discomforts from weather, a feeling of exhilaration is sure to accompany the first outset for a journey on horseback—a feeling which the prosaic modern conveniences for locomotion have now utterly extinguished in all civilized lands. The romance of travel has decidedly fled to those ever-fewer regions where pathless solitudes still exist for Spekes and Burkes to break upon, or where men remain content with the sluggish track-boat or the plodding feet of some hardy quadruped. To these unsophisticated forms of travel I had long been accustomed; and my hardy mountain pony—the only animal capable of making its way over the rough bridle-paths and narrow granite causeways of Southern China—had carried me many a hundred miles, through storm and shine, in the regions surrounding Canton.

I was now making my first stage by night, in order to lessen, as far as possible, the discomfort arising from the sultry weather. For security's sake, I was attended by a mounted escort from the garrison; and, at the last moment, a welcome companion, in the shape of Captain M——, of the Royal Engineers, had volunteered to share my otherwise somewhat lonely ride. To our mounted party, clattering over the granite flagstones which pave the narrow North Road for some miles from the city gate, came following, in a light mountain-chair of bamboo, carried by three coolies, a mandarin, appointed by the Chinese authorities at Canton to accompany and co-operate with me. It was not the first time we had journeyed together, and our acquaintanceship had already subsisted for years. Unlike the majority of his countrymen, Tse Tung-hao, as he was named, was a man of liberal as well as intelligent mind; and an amount of frankness and honesty was noticeable in him which won the regard of all the Europeans with whom he was brought in contact to a degree that perhaps no other Chinese official has enjoyed.

Our party was completed by two servants, one a follower of the mandarin, the other my own—the faithful A-sing—my *major-domo*, valet, and, on occasions such as these, my cook:—equally excellent in all the varied capacities in which he shone, but especially to be prized whilst roughing it on the march; when, throwing off the dandyism and finicalities which are inseparable, at ordinary times, from the demeanour of a Chinese “boy,” he displayed an energy, activity, and willingness, which could only be paralleled by some of those rough Irish “soldier-servants” who are now and then found—and prized—in the army. Of all servants, however, few can be brought in comparison with a really good and well-trained Canton “boy.” These neat and orderly lads of eighteen or twenty, trim in dress, respectful in manner, without a tinge of servility, and frequently possessing an education of their own by no means to be despised, constitute the first indispensable adjunct to be acquired by a stranger on his arrival in China; and the “boy,” often engaged at random, remains frequently for a score of years in the service of the same employer. Infinitely superior, in activity as in appearance, is the sprightly Canton lad, in his white surplice-like jacket, blue knickerbockers, and dandily-gartered stockings of stone-grey calico, to the slouching, greasy, ill-savoured Hindoo, who, as *khitmutgar*, condescends at Calcutta to discharge about one-tenth part of the duties which are cheerfully assumed by his Chinese congener!

But this, though a favourite topic of mine, must not be allowed to divert us from our proper line of march. The servants, and a long train of baggage-coolies—those veritable impediments to every journey such as this—have been sent on to reach our halting-place before us, and we pursue our march under the shadow of the White Cloud Mountain, along a road rendered lonely through the depredations of the rebels who devastated this province in 1854. Here and there, to right or left, a large village may be recognized by its glimmering lights and the long-



continued yelping of its watch-dogs; but Chinese villages are not fond of highroads passing through their midst, and prefer to draw themselves apart some little distance from the public thoroughfare, so that at night-fall they may bolt and bar their streets, and take what poor precautions they can against the banded robbers who permanently infest most parts of the country. Although, therefore, our course lies through a succession of highly-cultivated lands—the alluvial level dense with the flourishing rice-plant, and the rising grounds carefully turned to account with ground-nut, sweet-potato, and vegetable crops—scarcely a human habitation shows itself, beyond here and there a bamboo tea-shed, whence refreshment of a very humble kind is dispensed at all hours to the travellers who pass along this road. At one point, where a granite bridge spans a stream that issues, brawling, from the gloomy side of the adjoining range, a ghastly memorial of the recent troubles hangs alone in the moonlight. A pole erected at the foot of the bridge supports a cage, fastened in which is a human head, once, as declared by an inscription beneath it, that of a native of the adjoining village, recently captured among the rebel ranks. Here for months the warning trophy had hung exposed, and no pitying relative had come forward, bold enough to snatch this relic of his village kinsman from its place of infamy, and to give it decent burial.

Trotting gaily enough over the bridge, we continued our course through the nightly shadows of the hills, which, projected by the moon rising behind them to the eastward, fell in great fantastic promontories and gloomy stretches of thick darkness on the silent country. For miles at a time we yielded to the influence of the hour, and pursued our course without a sound from either party. Then, again, the charm broken by some sudden observation, a further distance was whiled away in lively chat. Occasionally, as my pony ambled along beside the chair in which my mandarin friend was stoutly borne by his untiring coolies, our conversation fell into his favourite grooves—the wonders of Europe, the dangers of the seas, and his own misfortunes in failing to obtain more rapid advancement. The comet, then so brightly visible, was a source of apprehension to Tse, and upon it also he loved to discourse. Intelligent as he was, he fully shared the superstitions of his countrymen regarding the influence of such an apparition on human affairs; and, though he no longer considered the earth as a flat surface, or believed that the sun revolved around the globe, he still looked with dread upon this portent, which presaged to his mind disasters to the empire, if not death to the emperor. On becoming aware, however, that the comet was equally visible in England and other countries as in China, and receiving such a sketch of the history and theory of comets as my knowledge enabled me to impart—(and, be it said *en passant*, there are easier performances than the rendering of an astronomical lecture into colloquial Chinese)—he acknowledged that there seemed small grounds for prognosticating special harm to any particular land or person. This did not, however, prevent him from recalling to my mind, little more than a month later, when the

death of the reigning emperor actually took place, that the ominous "thief-star" had shone so recently in the heavens. The appearance of the comet and the ensuing death of Hien-fung were great feathers for the Zadkiel-cap of superstition all over China.

At length, towards 11 P.M., our weary ride of eighteen miles brought us to our halting-place for the night, at the village of Tien-sum, a large and straggling place, containing a population which would entitle it to rank as a town anywhere else than in China, almost entirely surrounded by a dense grove of huge banyan-trees, and further defended, as usual, by a wide belt of fish-ponds, forming a moat across which a few narrow causeways alone gave access to the place. Clattering through the tortuous and murky village street, we were by no means sorry to reach the spot where the great gates of the Temple of the Chang family were thrown open to receive us. Under the directions of the indefatigable A-sing, the court-yard was already littered with rice-straw for our ponies, and two huge red temple candles, flaring in the dim depths of the great hall, shed light on an extemporized table where teacups and cold fowl showed that preparations had been made for supper. The baggage-coolies, some dozen in number, were lying pillowed on the bamboos and ropes with which their loads were in the daytime suspended from their shoulders, in the shelter of the colonnades on either side the doorway, and the remainder of our party, men and horses, were soon refreshing themselves with food and rest in their several ways.

It is lucky for the traveller that every village in China, however poor or scanty its population, possesses at least one, and often many, of these ancestral temples, in which each of the local "clans" or families preserves from generation to generation the memory of its revered progenitors. All, though not equally spacious, are constructed on an identical plan. An immense gateway, with three folding doors, sometimes twenty or even thirty feet in height, gives admission to a court-yard, and perhaps to a series of three or four such enclosures, which are generally open to the sky, surrounded on three sides with a covered colonnade, and terminating at the rear in a hall, the dimensions of which, in the case of wealthy clans, often extend to a width of from fifty to one hundred feet. Shrines are here built up against the wall, to contain in horizontal rows a series of tablets commemorating the departed members of the family, from the earliest progenitor of whom a record exists. Ornamental inscriptions further perpetuate the memory of all who have distinguished themselves in the profession of letters or the service of the State, and a richly decorated altar supports the vases of bronze or porcelain in which the ashes of the incense kept constantly burning before the tablets are carefully preserved in heaps from generation to generation. Twice in the year, the heads of the clan and other privileged members assemble with solemn ceremony and deep reverential feeling to do homage before the shrines where soon their own memorial tablets are to be erected, and fulfil the duties of filial piety in silent genuflection before the altar of the dead. At all seasons,

moreover, the temple is kept in order, and the sticks of incense trimmed, by a custodian for whose residence a side-building is usually set apart; and an annual contribution from every member maintains the building in constant repair. The most humble labourer who can claim kindred with the family can thus at any moment gaze with pride upon the hallowed name of every ancestor who has helped to illustrate his clan, and has always the means at hand of pointing to an indisputable pedigree which may connect him with the noblest in the land. Thus, in the temple which now gave us lodging for the night, tablets were to be seen commemorating a minister of State whose name was celebrated in China before William the Conqueror sat on the English throne, whilst the gilding was scarcely dry on the tablet of his latest follower to the tomb—some humble villager whose only title to remembrance was his name and clanship. There is surely no more touching form that filial reverence could take, than this perennial homage, altogether unassociated with idol-worship or hagiolatry, to the deceased; and it has conduced in no small degree to the success of the Roman Catholic propaganda, as compared with the relative failure of Protestant missionary efforts, that its priesthood has adopted, under certain restrictions, this form of ancestral commemoration, whilst the orthodox zeal of Protestant missionaries has insisted on its abandonment as one of the first steps toward conversion.

It may, perhaps, be thought that some violence could not fail being done to the feelings of those concerned in temples of this class, by using them as lodging for man and beast; but the callousness of the Chinese character shows itself nowhere more forcibly than in this point, that nothing short of wanton disrespect, even in the temples of their divinities, seems to jar with their reverential feelings. Their temples are habitually open for the accommodation of travellers, and it has more than once happened to myself that, when a party has been too numerous for the sleeping-room disposable in the temple occupied for the night, some jolly priest has voluntarily removed the incense-burners from the altar, and helped to dispose a camp-mattress at the very feet of the gilded gods themselves.

If no prejudices were likely to be offended, however, as regards the occupation of quarters in a temple, it was only within a very short period that national animosity was so fierce that no European's life would have been safe in the village where our party was now so civilly received. Inflamed by the arts of their rulers, the population of this province had, up to the year 1859, evinced the deadliest hatred towards foreigners, and the very building where we were now confidently betaking ourselves to rest, had, in 1858, been the seat of one of the committees of the native "gentry,"\* formed for the express object of waging a war of

\* Literati of a certain class and retired functionaries in general form—especially in the south of China—a privileged body to whom this term is applied, and who enjoy great local power.

assassination against the invaders who had taken possession of Canton. The vigorous measures directed by Mr. (now Sir Harry) Parkes, by which this organization became speedily broken up, combined with the conciliatory effect produced by the treatment extended to the authorities and inhabitants of Canton, had so far affected the popular temper as to disarm all active feeling of hostility even previously to the conclusion of peace in the North of China in 1860; and a mere solitary traveller would now have been safe, if prudent, unless at too great a distance from the walls of Canton, or in districts frequented by the robber-bands who infest so many parts of China.

Our slumbers passed undisturbed until the mental alarm which I had fixed the night previously for 5 A.M. awoke me just as the earliest rays of the sun were glittering on the enamelled porcelain figures which quaintly decorated the roof-tree on the opposite side of the court-yard. In a few moments all was astir. Our coolies had already found time to prepare a cup of tea, and to snatch a few whiffs from their consoling pipes; and soon, cording up our baggage and slinging the parcels from the centre of their stout bamboos, they trotted off nimbly in pairs, exchanging jokes with the few labourers, bound thus early to the fields, who hung about the door to witness our departure. A cup of cocoa all round prepared by the invaluable A-sing, a cigar apiece, and we, too, resume our march. The wrinkled old custodian of the temple grins feebly as he pockets a dollar for his services, and hobbles back to his morning pipe of opium, probably with a *tempora mutant* in Chinese upon his lips. The village children, rewarded for early rising, scramble on the flagstones for a handful of "cash" (total value about three-halfpence) which we throw amongst them; and we emerge from the straggling village into the oblique sun-glare, which proves trying enough, despite our precautions in the way of dress.

Convinced that the morning and evening sun is the most dangerous in the open field, inasmuch as its slanting rays can be warded off neither by head-covering nor umbrella, I had resolved on the experiment of travelling chiefly during the middle of the day and by night; but it was necessary to accomplish one stage thus early in order to bring us to our second halting-place by evening. Some ten miles farther on lay a pleasant little hamlet, whither the baggage had been despatched in charge of the accomplished A-sing, who was to prepare breakfast for the party; but our ride thither proved sultry enough—by the narrow pathway or dyke between the rice-fields, a mere mudbank scarcely two feet in breadth, along which we ambled perspiringly; our troubles increased by the radiation from the water which at that season still lay flooding the green rice-fields on either hand.

We could not, however, deny the striking beauty of the scene. Traversing a plain, one sheet of emerald verdure, our course ran parallel to the low chain of hills constituting the White Cloud range, whose flanks, half-shrouded in the mist distilled from the abundant irrigation, lay glowing in the softest violet tints, whilst, at frequent intervals, the green

expanse was broken by cloudy masses of foliage, denoting the sites of populous though obscure villages. Occasionally, when the road skirted some of these more closely, young and old might be seen crowding forth to crane at a glimpse of the passing strangers, the like of whom many, perhaps, had never looked on before. Whether it were that feminine curiosity mastered the usual feeling of alarm and doubt, or that a natural instinct told them they were safe, it almost universally happened that the village damsels and matrons ventured on a nearer approach than their husbands and brothers cared to indulge in. Seldom, however, does an attractive face display itself among these audacious fair ones. The squalid life of the Chinese peasantry—who, though sometimes amassing money, are content with the filthiest of habitations and of dress, and seldom seem to rise to an appreciation of that comparative comfort, cleanliness, and varied diet which even the lower classes of the town population indulge in—has its natural result in a grossness of feature and a deepening of the natural swarthy colour, until the Mongolian countenance, sometimes so delicate and fair, degenerates into the abject brutality of the Malay. Nothing, indeed, could be more unfavourable to the development of good looks than a Chinese village habitation. With the exception of one, or perhaps two streets, some ten or twelve feet in breadth, where the few wretched shops that supply the wants of the place are situated, the houses, built of mud-concrete, on a foundation of brick, are huddled together in fetid lanes, the utmost width of which is calculated to suit the passage of the water-buffaloes, as they are driven, morning and evening, to and from their owners' homes. No house possesses an upper story, or is lighted with any contrivance approaching to a window. A low doorway, the only aperture in the four walls of the house, gives entrance to a narrow, uncleanly court-yard, which again communicates with the dark and damp apartment, with possibly two or three still dingier and less ventilated side-rooms, forming the sole abode for a family of several generations. A fire-place in the porch serves to cook the rice and prepare the tea, which, with salt-fish and vegetables, constitute the universal diet; whilst what we denominate the "sweepings" are carelessly thrown out to join, in the black ooze of the lane, whatever other ordure may be there collected; its impurities draining through the soil to mingle with the water of the well sunk in a corner of the court-yard. Left entirely to self-government, which is conducted by a council of the oldest and least active members of the little community, the village is totally destitute of any system of drainage, and altogether innocent of even the most rural of police. Its inhabitants are never brought in contact with the central governing authority, save when twice a year the messengers of the district magistrate appear to claim the imperial land-tax and their own private extortions, or when on rare occasions some great crime traced home to some present or late inhabitant brings down the dreaded functionary himself, with a swarm of retainers and "braves" eager to embrace the opportunity for plunder afforded by the official perquisition.

Many such communities were skirted and left behind before we reached, by eight o'clock, our morning halt. A-sing, the ever-ready, had selected for our breakfast a grove of magnificent lychee-trees, gay with their pink bunches of cherry-like fruit, close to a small hamlet whose entire population stood grouped around his preparations for our repast. The "chow-chow" basket, which formed a load for one of our coolie-pairs, had poured forth its motley load of provisions; and cold fowl, potted meats, sardines, and biscuits, accompanied by sundry bottles of Allsopp's pale ale, were now prepared to quench our active appetites. We were too good travellers, however, to provide ourselves before seeing our ponies well groomed and settled down to plenteous baskets of paddy from the village rice-shop; nor did we appease our hunger until after much splashing and sponging in the shade of the lychee-trees, to the undisguised astonishment of the villagers, who saw us thus dangerously dabbling in cold water. At length we fell to, and performed feats of gastronomy which were also followed with wondering eyes, whilst our escort gladly received from our store some savoury additions to their own supply of cooked rations. The rustling branches of the lychee grove soon covered with their shade the outstretched bodies of our entire party; the light-blue smoke of our Manilas joining in a little cloud of incense to which the opium-pipe of my mandarin associate was not slow in adding its nauseous flavour.

All too soon for our wishes, the lychee shadows began to gather more and more closely about the roots of the trees, and just as the blazing sun looked hottest the time for moving arrived. Our baggage-coolies resuming their wide bamboo-hats, and sticking their pipes into the waistbands of the loose cotton drawers which formed their sole habiliments, had already set off, at their usual slinging trot, accompanied by the mandarin and servants in their sedans, before we roused ourselves to "boot and saddle" from our delicious drowsy lounge on the cool grass-plot. By noon, however, we were already emerging from the village, and exposed to the now vertical glare; but shaded as we were by white umbrellas and thick turbans wound round our felt helmets, the rays of heat were warded off to a degree impossible in the earlier stage of our march, and, though suffering unavoidably from the heated state of the atmosphere, we experienced no ill effects from the actual glare itself.

A few miles on our course happily brought us to a point where the White Cloud range is joined at right angles by a mountain chain from the westward, and through a defile at the point of junction lay the route we must take to reach our destination—the city of Tsung-hwa. On entering this defile we instantly exchanged the scenery of the unctuous and village-dotted plain for that of a picturesque valley, flanked on either hand by endless mountain perspectives, and traversed by a stream which, for varied beauty, might vie with many of our most famous English waters. A fresh breeze, borne straight from the flanks of the Lo Fow Mountains, whose lofty peaks, celebrated in Chinese song and story, were dimly seen on our right hand, tempered the atmosphere to a pleasant warmth; and dismounting,



followed by our obedient ponies, we enjoyed a careless saunter through the beauties of the secluded valley and its placid stream. My Engineer companion had come prepared to add every possible scrap to our records of the topography of the province, and having on previous occasions already carried a rough survey as far as the entrance of the pass, a prismatic compass now enabled us to plot down with tolerable accuracy the leading features of this tract. The question of nomenclature was settled by a whimsical reference to our never-failing cheroots; and to this day the curious inquirer may see Mount Cavendish, Negro-head Peak, and the Birdseye Range, with many another tobacco-flavoured appellation, on the road-map of our line of march.

Following at a little distance the curves of the river, our route grew more and more picturesque with our onward progress. Almost all trace of rice-cultivation was here at an end, and in its stead the straggling patches of arable land forming little bays and gullies in the line of hill were covered with the papilionaceous blossom of the ground-nut, cultivated for its yield of oil, or with the gigantic leaves of the yam, which, though affecting a marshy situation, is less dependent upon rich soil and constant flooding than the rice-plant. The villages appeared composed more of detached habitations, a few dwellings clustered here and there beneath graceful clumps of the feathery bamboo, or running down to form a sinuous street of shops along the river bank, dealing in sundry eatables, spirits, fuel, and cordage, for the benefit of the boatmen engaged in navigating the stream. Occasionally the inhabitants of some such rustic community would cluster in a gaping crowd along our path, equally puzzled as to the motive which led us to their secluded dale, our eccentric choice of trudging afoot when ponies were following behind, and the use of the unknown instrument of brass, which, every now and then, they saw twinkling in front of my companion's eye. Now and then the rough Canton boatmen of some passing barge ascending the stream with merchandise, or dropping down with fire-wood or oil, would desecrate us on the bank, and launch at us the not over-complimentary ejaculations which the Canton Chinese have even yet not entirely unlearned; but no incivility met us from the inhabitants of the valley, whose experience of Europeans, limited to the sight of two or three mounted parties like our own, had not accustomed them to associate with the foreigners any feeling either of arrogance or terror.

Towards 4 P. M., our light-hearted party debouched upon an extensive plain, shut in, however, on every side, by mountain ranges, which, enveloped in the thin mist arising from the rice-flats, were now gorgeously tinted by the slanting radiance of the declining sun. Two streams, meandering from east and west, united almost at our feet to form the river whose course we had thus far ascended; whilst, hid from our view by a bold rock-shoulder on the further side of the stream, lay the city of Tsung-hwa, a little metropolis domineering in the centre of this rich and tranquil expanse. Just below the junction of the streams, the river

widened over sand-flats to a breadth probably of five hundred yards, forming a shallow ford.

Having safely waded through, and leaving our ponies in charge of the escort, my companion and myself clambered up the rock about which our route now wound, and whose summit was crowned by a graceful pagoda, affording a view on all sides of immense extent and beauty. The valley we had ascended, and the hill-encircled area, now carpeted green with the luxuriant rice-fields through a length of some twenty miles, forming the district of Tsung-hwa, lay smiling at our feet in the warm sunshine, which lit up into dazzling ribands of silver the two streams whose serpentine wanderings through the valley brought every part of its area within reach of irrigation. Thickly-studded groves marked the sites where villages lay hid, whilst immediately below us we looked down upon the moss-grown walls and roof-tops, interspersed with dense foliage, of the district city. This little nook, one of some eighty walled places in Kwang-tung, answering in a certain degree to our idea of a county town, had seven years previously been captured and sacked by the banditti who then desolated the province, and even from a distance the ruinous aspect of its little suburb testified to the devastation it had then undergone. Even the pagoda—which, according to the Chinese superstition as to terrestrial and topographical influences, or *Fung-shui*, contributed from its eminence on the rock to the prosperity and literary excellence of the inhabitants of the city—had been gutted by the plunderers, whose ravages had scarcely left it in a condition for ascent beyond the first of its nine stories. After adding from this point a final series of mountain tops to our running survey, we proceeded to make our entry into the town.

Already warned of our approach, the magistrate had attempted some display in our honour at the gateway. Passing beneath a low but massive archway, we found ourselves in a narrow court-yard, formed by a circular bastion interrupting the line of wall, from the inner side of which a second gateway, placed at right angles to the outer one, communicated with the main street of the city. Here, half-a-dozen decrepit old men, who had been employed until our arrival at a cobbler's bench at one side of the court-yard, but who had hastily thrown over their rags their dirty red soldiers' jackets of calico, were drawn up, headed by a brass-buttoned petty officer scarcely less ragged than the men themselves, and greeted us by a simultaneous obeisance, performed by bending forward on one knee; whilst three iron tubes, placed upright in the ground and loaded with powder, were discharged as the orthodox salute in honour of a "mandarin." The narrow, granite-paved street—scarcely ten feet wide, and lined with ruinous houses of the poorest class, save where great gaps of ruin caused by fire or natural decay from a dwindling population intervened—was lined with a multitude of young and old, attracted from all corners to gaze upon the strangers who had come from so far.

Our march at length terminated at a species of common or green in the heart of the city, on one side of which towered the gateway of a temple, somewhat similar to that we had quitted in the morning, where I was met by the authorities of the place—the magistrate, or civil governor, with his two assistants, and a rubicund, portly mandarin, perspiring beneath the shade of his low conical hat of gauzy straw, surmounted by a blue glass button, who was introduced as the major in command of the resident garrison, including the tatterdemalion heroes who had turned out to salute us at our entrance. The mandarins, in their long tunics of blue silk gauze, belted at the waist, and buckled in with costly morsels of sculptured jade—their handsomely embroidered facings indicative of rank, their neat accoutrements of fan, pipe, and watch-cases dependent from their belts—were in striking contrast to the squalor of their attendants, who, dirty in clothing, unwashed, and foul-smelling, crowded eagerly behind their masters to witness our reception. A ceremony of painful length ensued on our alighting, begun by a vigorous shaking of hands between the magistrate and myself, whilst the corpulent major appropriately grasped my companion's palms with both his own; and the lesser dignitaries followed suit, much to the surprise of our steady corporal's guard, by shaking hands demonstratively with them also. A struggle of etiquette then followed, amid which we were gradually led through a series of court-yards, divided from each other by highly ornate folding-doors, to the spacious hall which had been prepared as our lodging-place. Two rows of seats, covered with crimson cloth, and placed facing each other on either hand in front of the usual *daïs* where seats for the two principal personages are arranged, were now occupied for the first ceremonious interview, during which, whilst tea was handed round in minute cups, I renewed the acquaintance formed two years previously with the amiable magistrate, whose literary abilities had won for him very early advancement. We were soon, however, considerably left to refresh ourselves after our journey, though a speedy interruption arrived to disturb my towelling, in the shape of a train of coolies with presents—baskets of fruit and vegetables, eggs by the hundred, some dozen of ducks and fowls, a live sheep, and trays laden with a hundred kinds of sweetmeats—which, after selecting a few insignificant articles, and rewarding the bearers with a sum considerably greater than their aggregate value, were duly sent back, in accordance with the same rule of politeness which prescribed the form of presentation.

Scarcely were our baths over and our toilette renewed than messengers arrived, bearing sheets of crimson paper, the magistrate's invitation cards, bidding us to a banquet prepared in his *yamun*, or official residence, where my Chinese companion had already been accommodated with quarters. A short ride brought us to the great doors, each decorated with a gaudy figure of some deified warrior or lawgiver, before which lay huddled a crowd of filthy, half-naked, and vermin-covered wretches—some heavily manacled, others chained to loose blocks of stone, and others crouching

beneath the intolerable weight of wooden collars—who, according to the Chinese system, were here exposed whilst undergoing detention for some of the lighter crimes. The *yamun* itself, in its zigzag courts and ranges of low offices, was as ruinous as such buildings usually are in China, where each occupant comes in for an uncertain period, unwilling to expend money, save perhaps for patching up a leaky roof, and only too ready to appropriate to his private purse the pittance periodically allowed by the Government for repairs. The magistrate's reception-room, however, was a cosy place enough, walled only on three sides, and looking out on the fourth through a lattice screen upon a little paved yard with rockwork and flowering shrubs, over which the branches thrown out from a magnificent banyan-tree in an adjoining court cast an almost impenetrable shade. In this cool apartment an ebony table was spread with the preliminary trifles which usher in a Chinese feast, and the magistrate, with his two chief associates and my companion Tse, was awaiting our arrival. Chinese dinners have been so frequently described of late years that it would be superfluous here to enlarge upon the successive courses, the savoury stews of shark-fin, fish with vermicelli, ducks stuffed with chestnuts, and all the host of spiced and minced, sweet and gelatinous dishes which follow each other in endless profusion, but still in artfully-contrived gradations.

A passing protest must, however, be indulged in against that jocular habit of misrepresentation which, from the days of Von Braam to that of some of our latest travellers, has introduced apocryphal dogs and kittens at the tables of Chinese magnates. Without going the length of Mr. Cooke, who almost gives the Chinese *cuisine* a place beside that of Paris, it may be said not only that in no country are all available sources more ransacked than in China for every attainable delicacy, but that the diversity of viands, and the scrupulous care as to cookery, which prevail in a well-ordered repast, suffice amply to provide the most fastidious stranger with palatable and easily-digested food. Not being a blind panegyrist of Chinese gastronomy, I will by no means deny that a somewhat obnoxious preponderance of pork-fat does now and then occur at certain stages of the meal; but a special corrective for this diet is introduced by the strong white rice-spirit with which each convive's cup is kept constantly streaming, whilst a saucerful of delicious almonds, slightly burned, beside each plate, assists at the same time to temper the effects of this heady liquor. But to attribute the unclean diet already mentioned to any other than the very lowest class in China, is as absurd and false as it would be were a Chinese sailor to report, on his return to the Flowery Kingdom, that the citizens of London live exclusively on tripe.

Neither of us strangers to the use of chopsticks, my Engineer companion and myself enjoyed, like hungry wayfarers as we were, the good things provided for us, though the attentions of the obese commandant proved somewhat overpowering to his brother soldier. Regardless of the

fact that his language was unintelligible to my companion, the major overwhelmed him with compliments and civilities in the intervals of the repast, stopping every now and then to gather upon his own chopsticks a choice selection from the various dishes, which he deposited in a luscious heap on the already well-filled plate. My companion, smiling suavely, returned these attentions to the best of his ability, with the polite "Chin-chin," which uninstructed Europeans believe to be Chinese for "Thank you," "How do you do?" and all manner of other courtesies; as well as by the convulsive bobbing, with which, similarly, they endeavour to imitate the Chinese salute; whilst, for my own part, I found myself involved in the circle of formal conversation which Chinese functionaries, politely assuming an appearance of interest in matters of European politics and science, invariably enter upon on such occasions; but, at length, the final rice-bowls were emptied, tea was handed round, and our banquet of three hours' duration was at an end.

My business with the really estimable magistrate was speedily despatched; and while preparations were set on foot, under his orders, for our journey further into the hills, we retired to our camp-beds in the temple where we were lodged. To describe the further adventures of our journey through the valley and into the hills beyond, whence descending obliquely we traversed the rugged White Rock Pass on our return to Canton, would now require too great a space; but having set out on the morning following our banquet, we continued for four days afterwards in the saddle, penetrating to a mountain region never before explored by Europeans, and successfully accomplishing the objects with which my journey had been commenced. When our midsummer ride brought us back at length to the gates of Canton, we trotted in—despite the ninety-five degrees of Fahrenheit—fresher, healthier, and more gaily than when we had left them behind us a week before.

---

## Wives and Daughters.

AN EVERY-DAY STORY.

### CHAPTER XXI.

#### THE HALF-SISTERS.



It appeared as if Mrs. Gibson's predictions were likely to be verified; for Osborne Hamley found his way to her drawing-room pretty frequently. To be sure, sometimes prophets can help on the fulfilment of their own prophecies; and Mrs. Gibson was not passive.

Molly was altogether puzzled by his manners and ways. He spoke of occasional absences from the Hall, without exactly saying where he had been. But that was not her idea of the conduct of a married man, who, she imagined, ought to have a house and servants, and pay rent and taxes, and live with his wife. Who this mysterious wife might be, faded into insignificance

before the wonder of where she was. London, Cambridge, Dover, nay even France, were mentioned by him as places to which he had been on these different little journeys. These facts came out quite casually, almost as if he was unaware of what he was betraying; sometimes he dropped out such sentences as these:—"Ah, that would be the day I was crossing! It was stormy, indeed! Instead of our being only two hours, we were nearly five." Or, "I met Lord Hollingford at Dover last week, and he said," &c. "The cold now is nothing to what it was in London on Thursday—the thermometer was down at 15°." Perhaps, in the rapid flow of conversation, these small revelations were noticed by no one but Molly; whose interest and curiosity were always hovering over the secret she had become possessed of, in spite of all her self-reproach for allowing her thoughts to dwell on what was still to be kept as a mystery.

It was also evident to her that Osborne was not too happy at home. He had lost the slight touch of cynicism which he had affected when he





ROGER IS INTRODUCED AND ENSLAVED.

w  
hi  
pe  
an  
ab  
bu  
M  
N  
th  
th  
lo  
fa  
th  
la  
of  
ut  
di  
qu  
we  
H  
O  
sp  
re  
m  
dr  
fo  
pa  
an  
ad  
he  
m  
so  
sh  
lo  
an  
to  
he  
ba  
an

in  
ge  
fol  
no  
in  
dic

was expected to do wonders at college ; and that was one good result of his failure. If he did not give himself the trouble of appreciating other people, and their performances, at any rate his conversation was not so amply sprinkled with critical pepper. He was more absent, not so agreeable, Mrs. Gibson thought, but did not say. He looked ill in health ; but that might be the consequence of the real depression of spirits which Molly occasionally saw peeping out through all his pleasant surface-talk. Now and then, he referred to "the happy days that are gone," or, "to the time when my mother was alive," when talking directly to her ; and then his voice sank, and a gloom came over his countenance, and Molly longed to express her own deep sympathy. He did not often mention his father ; and Molly thought she could read in his manner, when he did, that something of the painful restraint she had noticed when she was last at the Hall still existed between them. Nearly all that she knew of the family interior she had heard from Mrs. Hamley, and she was uncertain as to how far her father was acquainted with them ; so she did not like to question him too closely ; nor was he a man to be so questioned as to the domestic affairs of his patients. Sometimes she wondered if it was a dream—that short half hour in the library at Hamley Hall—when she had learnt a fact which seemed so all-important to Osborne, yet which made so little difference in his way of life—either in speech or action. During the twelve or fourteen hours or so that she had remained at the Hall afterwards, no further allusion had been made to his marriage, either by himself or by Roger. It was, indeed, very like a dream. Probably Molly would have been rendered much more uncomfortable in the possession of her secret if Osborne had struck her as particularly attentive in his devotion to Cynthia. She evidently amused and attracted him, but not in any lively or passionate kind of manner. He admired her beauty, and seemed to feel her charm ; but he would leave her side, and come to sit near Molly, if anything reminded him of his mother, about which he could talk to her, and to her alone. Yet he came so often to the Gibsons, that Mrs. Gibson might be excused for the fancy she had taken into her head, that it was for Cynthia's sake. He liked the lounge, the friendliness, the company of two intelligent girls of beauty and manners above the average ; one of whom stood in a peculiar relation to him, as having been especially beloved by the mother whose memory he cherished so fondly. Knowing himself to be out of the category of bachelors, he was, perhaps, too indifferent as to other people's ignorance, and its possible consequences.

Somehow, Molly did not like to be the first to introduce Roger's name into the conversation, so she lost many an opportunity of hearing intelligence about him. Osborne was often so languid or so absent that he only followed the lead of talk ; and as an awkward fellow, who had paid her no particular attention, and as a second son, Roger was not pre-eminent in Mrs. Gibson's thoughts ; Cynthia had never seen him, and the freak did not take her often to speak about him. He had not come home since

he had obtained his high place in the mathematical lists: that Molly knew; and she knew, too, that he was working hard for something—she supposed a fellowship—and that was all. Osborne's tone in speaking of him was always the same: every word, every inflexion of the voice breathed out affection and respect—nay, even admiration! And this from the *nil admirari* brother, who seldom carried his exertions so far.

"Ah, Roger!" he said one day. Molly caught the name in an instant, though she had not heard what had gone before. "He is a fellow in a thousand—in a thousand, indeed! I don't believe there is his match anywhere for goodness and real solid power combined."

"Molly," said Cynthia, after Mr. Osborne Hamley had gone, "what sort of a man is this Roger Hamley? One can't tell how much to believe of his brother's praises; for it is the one subject on which Osborne Hamley becomes enthusiastic. I've noticed it once or twice before."

While Molly hesitated on which point of the large round to begin her description, Mrs. Gibson struck in,—

"It just shows what a sweet disposition Osborne Hamley is of—that he should praise his brother as he does. I daresay he is senior wrangler, and much good may it do him! I don't deny that; but as for conversation, he's as heavy as heavy can be. A great awkward fellow to boot, who looks as if he did not know two and two made four, for all he is such a mathematical genius. You would hardly believe he was Osborne Hamley's brother to see him! I should not think he had a profile at all."

"What do you think of him, Molly?" said the persevering Cynthia.

"I like him," said Molly. "He has been very kind to me. I know he isn't handsome like Osborne."

It was rather difficult to say all this quietly, but Molly managed to do it, quite aware that Cynthia would not rest till she had extracted some kind of an opinion out of her.

"I suppose he will come home at Easter," said Cynthia, "and then I shall see him for myself."

"It's a great pity that their being in mourning will prevent their going to the Easter charity ball," said Mrs. Gibson, plaintively. "I shan't like to take you two girls, if you are not to have any partners. It will put me in such an awkward position. I wish we could join on to the Towers party. That would secure you partners, for they always bring a number of dancing men, who might dance with you after they had done their duty by the ladies of the house. But really everything is so changed since dear Lady Cumnor has been an invalid that perhaps they won't go at all."

This Easter ball was a great subject of conversation with Mrs. Gibson. She sometimes spoke of it as her first appearance in society as a bride, though she had been visiting once or twice a week all winter long. Then she shifted her ground, and said she felt so much interest in it, because she would then have the responsibility of introducing both her own and Mr. Gibson's daughter to public notice, though the fact was that pretty

nearly every one who was going to this ball had seen the two young ladies—though not their ball dresses—before. But, aping the manners of the aristocracy as far as she knew them, she intended to “bring out” Molly and Cynthia on this occasion, which she regarded in something of the light of a presentation at Court. “They are not out yet,” was her favourite excuse when either of them was invited to any house to which she did not wish them to go, or invited without her. She even made a difficulty about their “not being out” when Miss Browning—that old friend of the Gibson family—came in one morning to ask the two girls to come to a very friendly tea and a round game afterwards; this mild piece of gaiety being designed as an attention to three of Mrs. Goodenough’s grandchildren—two young ladies and their school-boy brother—who were staying on a visit to their grandmamma.

“You are very kind, Miss Browning, but you see I hardly like to let them go—they are not out, you know, till after the Easter ball.”

“Till when we are invisible,” said Cynthia, always ready with her mockery to exaggerate any pretension of her mother’s. “We are so high in rank that our sovereign must give us her sanction before we can play a round game at your house.”

Cynthia enjoyed the idea of her own full-grown size and stately gait, as contrasted with that of a meek, half-fledged girl in the nursery; but Miss Browning was half puzzled and half affronted.

“I don’t understand it at all. In my days girls went wherever it pleased people to ask them, without this farce of bursting out in all their new fine clothes at some public place. I don’t mean but what the gentry took their daughters to York, or Matlock, or Bath to give them a taste of gay society when they were growing up; and the quality went up to London, and their young ladies were presented to Queen Charlotte, and went to a birthday ball, perhaps. But for us little Hollingsford people, why we knew every child amongst us from the day of its birth; and many a girl of twelve or fourteen have I seen go out to a card-party, and sit quiet at her work, and know how to behave as well as any lady there. There was no talk of ‘coming out’ in those days for any one under the daughter of a squire.”

“After Easter, Molly and I shall know how to behave at a card-party, but not before,” said Cynthia, demurely.

“You’re always fond of your quips and your cranks, my dear,” said Miss Browning, “and I wouldn’t quite answer for your behaviour: you sometimes let your spirits carry you away. But I’m quite sure Molly will be a little lady as she always is, and always was, and I have known her from a babe.”

Mrs. Gibson took up arms on behalf of her own daughter, or rather, she took up arms against Molly’s praises.

“I don’t think you would have called Molly a lady the other day, Miss Browning, if you had found her where I did: sitting up in a cherry-tree, six feet from the ground at least, I do assure you.”

"Oh! but that wasn't pretty," said Miss Browning, shaking her head at Molly. "I thought you'd left off those tomboy ways."

"She wants the refinement which good society gives in several ways," said Mrs. Gibson, returning to the attack on poor Molly. "She's very apt to come upstairs two steps at a time."

"Only two, Molly!" said Cynthia. "Why, to-day I found I could manage four of these broad shallow steps."

"My dear child, what are you saying?"

"Only confessing that I, like Molly, want the refinements which good society gives; therefore, please do let us go to Miss Brownings' this evening. I will pledge myself for Molly that she shan't sit in a cherry-tree; and Molly shall see that I don't go upstairs in an unladylike way. I will go upstairs as meekly as if I were a come-out young lady, and had been to the Easter ball."

So it was agreed that they should go. If Mr. Osborne Hamley had been named as one of the probable visitors, there would have been none of this difficulty about the affair.

But though he was not there his brother Roger was. Molly saw him in a minute when she entered the little drawing-room; but Cynthia did not.

"And see, my dears," said Miss Phœbe Browning, turning them round to the side where Roger stood waiting for his turn of speaking to Molly. "We've got a gentleman for you after all! Wasn't it fortunate?—just as sister said that you might find it dull—you, Cynthia, she meant, because you know you come from France; and then, just as if he had been sent from heaven, Mr. Roger came in to call; and I won't say we laid violent hands on him, because he was too good for that; but really we should have been near it, if he had not stayed of his own accord."

The moment Roger had done his cordial greeting to Molly, he asked her to introduce him to Cynthia.

"I want to know her—your new sister," he added, with the kind smile Molly remembered so well since the very first day she had seen it directed towards her, as she sat crying under the weeping ash. Cynthia was standing a little behind Molly when Roger asked for this introduction. She was generally dressed with careless grace. Molly, who was delicate neatness itself, used sometimes to wonder how Cynthia's tumbled gowns, tossed away so untidily, had the art of looking so well and falling in such graceful folds. For instance, the pale lilac muslin gown she wore this evening had been worn many times before, and had looked unfit to wear again until Cynthia put it on. Then the limpness became softness, and the very creases took the lines of beauty. Molly, in a daintily clean pink muslin, did not look half so elegantly dressed as Cynthia. The grave eyes that the latter raised when she had to be presented to Roger had a sort of child-like innocence and wonder about them, which did not quite belong to Cynthia's character. She put on her armour of magic



that evening—involuntarily as she always did ; but, on the other side, she could not help trying her power on strangers. Molly had always felt that she should have a right to a good long talk with Roger when she next saw him ; and that he would tell her, or she should gather from him, all the details she so longed to hear about the squire—about the Hall—about Osborne—about himself. He was just as cordial and friendly as ever with her. If Cynthia had not been there all would have gone on as she had anticipated ; but of all the victims to Cynthia's charms he fell most prone and abject. Molly saw it all, as she was sitting next to Miss Phœbe at the tea-table, acting right-hand, and passing cake, cream, sugar, with such busy assiduity that every one besides herself thought that her mind, as well as her hands, was fully occupied. She tried to talk to the two shy girls, as in virtue of her two years' seniority she thought herself bound to do ; and the consequence was, she went upstairs with the twain clinging to her arms, and willing to swear an eternal friendship. Nothing would satisfy them but that she must sit between them at vint-un ; and they were so desirous of her advice in the important point of fixing the price of the counters that she could not ever have joined in the animated tête-à-tête going on between Roger and Cynthia. Or rather, it would be more correct to say that Roger was talking in a most animated manner to Cynthia, whose sweet eyes were fixed upon his face with a look of great interest in all he was saying, while it was only now and then she made her low replies. Molly caught a few words occasionally in intervals of business.

"At my uncle's, we always give a silver threepence for three dozen. You know what a silver threepence is, don't you, dear Miss Gibson ?"

"The three classes are published in the Senate House at nine o'clock on the Friday morning, and you can't imagine—"

"I think it will be thought rather shabby to play at anything less than sixpence. That gentleman" (this in a whisper) "is at Cambridge, and you know they always play very high there, and sometimes ruin themselves, don't they, dear Miss Gibson ?"

"Oh, on this occasion the Master of Arts who precedes the candidates for honours when they go into the Senate House is called the Father of the College to which he belongs. I think I mentioned that before, didn't I ?"

So Cynthia was hearing all about Cambridge, and the very examination about which Molly had felt such keen interest, without having ever been able to have her questions answered by a competent person ; and Roger, to whom she had always looked as the final and most satisfactory answerer, was telling all she wanted to know, and she could not listen. It took all her patience to make up little packets of counters, and settle, as the arbiter of the game, whether it would be better for the round or the oblong counters to be reckoned as six. And when all was done, and every one sate in their places round the table, Roger and Cynthia had to be called twice before they came. They stood up, it is true, at the first

sound of their names; but they did not move: Roger went on talking, Cynthia listening, till the second call—when they hurried to the table and tried to appear all on a sudden quite interested in the great questions of the game, namely, the price of three dozen counters, and whether, all things considered, it would be better to call the round counters or the oblong half-a-dozen each. Miss Browning, drumming the pack of cards on the table, and quite ready to begin dealing, decided the matter by saying, "Rounds are sixes, and three dozen counters cost sixpence. Pay up, if you please, and let us begin at once." Cynthia sate between Roger and William Osborne, the young schoolboy, who bitterly resented on this occasion his sister's habit of calling him "Willie," as he thought that it was this boyish sobriquet which prevented Cynthia from attending as much to him as to Mr. Roger Hamley; he also was charmed by the charmer, who found leisure to give him one or two of her sweet smiles. On his return home to his grandmamma's he gave out one or two very decided and rather original opinions, quite opposed—as was natural—to his sister's. One was—

"That, after all, a senior wrangler was no great shakes. Any man might be one if he liked, but there were a lot of fellows that he knew who would be very sorry to go in for anything so slow."

Molly thought the game never would end. She had no particular turn for gambling in her; and whatever her card might be, she regularly put on two counters, indifferent as to whether she won or lost. Cynthia, on the contrary, staked high, and was at one time very rich, but ended by being in debt to Molly something like six shillings. She had forgotten her purse, she said, and was obliged to borrow from the more provident Molly, who was aware that the round game of which Miss Browning had spoken to her was likely to require money. If it was not a very merry affair for all the individuals concerned, it was a very noisy one on the whole. Molly thought it was going to last till midnight; but punctually as the clock struck nine, the little maid-servant staggered in under the weight of a tray loaded with sandwiches, cakes, and jelly. This brought on a general move; and Roger, who appeared to have been on the watch for something of the kind, came and took a chair by Molly.

"I am so glad to see you again—it seems such a long time since Christmas," said he, dropping his voice, and not alluding more exactly to the day when she had left the Hall.

"It is a long time," she replied; "we are close to Easter now. I have so wanted to tell you how glad I was to hear about your honours at Cambridge. I once thought of sending you a message through your brother, but then I thought it might be making too much fuss, because I know nothing of mathematics, or of the value of a senior-wrangership; and you were sure to have so many congratulations from people who did know."

"I missed yours though, Molly," said he, kindly. "But I felt sure you were glad for me."

"Glad and proud too," said she. "I should so like to hear something more about it. I heard you telling Cynthia——"

"Yes. What a charming person she is! I should think you must be happier than we expected long ago."

"But tell me something about the senior-wranglership, please," said Molly.

"It's a long story, and I ought to be helping the Miss Brownings to hand sandwiches—besides, you wouldn't find it very interesting, it's so full of technical details."

"Cynthia looked very much interested," said Molly.

"Well! then I refer you to her, for I must go now. I can't for shame go on sitting here, and letting those good ladies have all the trouble. But I shall come and call on Mrs. Gibson soon. Are you walking home to-night?"

"Yes, I think so," replied Molly, eagerly foreseeing what was to come.

"Then I shall walk home with you. I left my horse at the 'Angel,' and that's half-way. I suppose old Betty will allow me to accompany you and your sister? You used to describe her as something of a dragon."

"Betty has left us," said Molly, sadly. "She's gone to live at a place at Ashcombe."

He made a face of dismay, and then went off to his duties. The short conversation had been very pleasant, and his manner had had just the brotherly kindness of old times; but it was not quite the manner he had to Cynthia; and Molly half thought she would have preferred the latter. He was now hovering about Cynthia, who had declined the offer of refreshments from Willie Osborne. Roger was tempting her, and with playful entreaties urging her to take something from him. Every word they said could be heard by the whole room; yet every word was said, on Roger's part at least, as if he could not have spoken it in that peculiar manner to any one else. At length, and rather more because she was weary of being entreated, than because it was his wish, Cynthia took a macaroon, and Roger seemed as happy as though she had crowned him with flowers. The whole affair was as trifling and commonplace as could be in itself: hardly worth noticing: and yet Molly did notice it, and felt uneasy; she could not tell why. As it turned out, it was a rainy night, and Mrs. Gibson sent a fly for the two girls instead of old Betty's substitute. Both Cynthia and Molly thought of the possibility of their taking the two Osborne girls back to their grandmother's, and so saving them a wet walk; but Cynthia got the start in speaking about it; and the thanks and the implied praise for thoughtfulness were hers.

When they got home Mr. and Mrs. Gibson were sitting in the drawing-room, quite ready to be amused by any details of the evening.

Cynthia began,—

"Oh! it wasn't very entertaining. One didn't expect that," and she yawned wearily.

"Who were there?" asked Mr. Gibson. "Quite a young party—wasn't it?"

"They'd only asked Lizzie and Fanny Osborne, and their brother; but Mr. Roger Hamley had ridden over and called on Miss Brownings, and they had kept him to tea. No one else."

"Roger Hamley there!" said Mr. Gibson. "He's come home then. I must make time to ride over and see him."

"You'd much better ask him here," said Mrs. Gibson. "Suppose you invite him and his brother to dine here on Friday, my dear? It would be a very pretty attention, I think."

"My dear! these young Cambridge men have a very good taste in wine, and don't spare it. My cellar won't stand many of their attacks."

"I didn't think you were so inhospitable, Mr. Gibson."

"I'm not inhospitable, I'm sure. If you'll put 'bitter beer' in the corner of your notes of invitation, just as the smart people put 'quadrilles' as a sign of the entertainment offered, we'll have Osborne and Roger to dinner any day you like. And what did you think of my favourite, Cynthia? You hadn't seen him before, I think?"

"Oh! he's nothing like so handsome as his brother; nor so polished; nor so easy to talk to. He entertained me for more than an hour with a long account of some examination or other; but there's something one likes about him."

"Well—and Molly—" said Mrs. Gibson, who piqued herself on being an impartial stepmother; and who always tried hard to make Molly talk as much as Cynthia—"what sort of an evening have you had?"

"Very pleasant, thank you." Her heart a little belied her as she said this. She had not cared for the round game; and she would have cared for Roger's conversation. She had had what she was indifferent to, and not had what she would have liked.

"We've had our unexpected visitor, too," said Mr. Gibson. "Just after dinner who should come in but Mr. Preston. I fancy he's having more of the management of the Hollingford property than formerly. Sheepshanks is getting an old man. And if so, I suspect we shall see a good deal of Preston. He's 'no blate,' as they used to say in Scotland, and made himself quite at home to-night. If I'd asked him to stay, or, indeed, if I'd done anything but yawn, he'd have been here now. But I defy any man to stay when I have a fit of yawning."

"Do you like Mr. Preston, papa?" asked Molly.

"About as much as I do half the men I meet. He talks well, and has seen a good deal. I know very little of him, though, except that he's my lord's steward, which is a guarantee for a good deal."

"Lady Harriet spoke pretty strongly against him that day I was with her at the Manor-house."

"Lady Harriet's always full of fancies: she likes persons to-day, and dislikes them to-morrow," said Mrs. Gibson, who was touched on her sore point whenever Molly quoted Lady Harriet, or said anything to imply ever so transitory an intimacy with her.

"You must know a good deal about Mr. Preston, my dear? I suppose you saw a good deal of him at Ashcombe?"

Mrs. Gibson coloured, and looked at Cynthia before she replied. Cynthia's face was set into a determination not to speak, however much she might be referred to.

"Yes; we saw a good deal of him—at one time, I mean. He's changeable, I think. But he always sent us game, and sometimes fruit. There were some stories against him, but I never believed them."

"What kind of stories?" said Mr. Gibson, quickly.

"Oh, vague stories, you know: scandal, I daresay. No one ever believed them. He could be so agreeable if he chose; and my lord, who is so very particular, would never have kept him as agent if they were true; not that I ever knew what they were, for I consider all scandal as abominable gossip."

"I'm very glad I yawned in his face," said Mr. Gibson. "I hope he'll take the hint."

"If it was one of your giant-gapes, papa, I should call it more than a hint," said Molly. "And if you want a yawning chorus the next time he comes, I'll join in; won't you, Cynthia?"

"I don't know," replied the latter, shortly, as she lighted her bed-candle. The two girls had usually some nightly conversation in one or other of their bed-rooms; but to-night Cynthia said something or other about being terribly tired, and hastily shut her door.

The very-next day, Roger came to pay his promised call. Molly was out in the garden with Williams, planning the arrangement of some new flower-beds, and deep in her employment of placing pegs upon the lawn to mark out the different situations, when, standing up to mark the effect, her eye was caught by the figure of a gentleman, sitting with his back to the light, leaning forward, and talking, or listening, eagerly. Molly knew the shape of the head perfectly, and hastily began to put off her brown-holland gardening apron, emptying the pockets as she spoke to Williams.

"You can finish it now, I think," said she. "You know about the bright-coloured flowers being against the privet-hedge, and where the new rose-bed is to be?"

"I can't justly say as I do," said he. "Mebbe, you'll just go o'er it all once again, Miss Molly. I'm not so young as I onces was, and my head is not so clear now-a-days, and I'd be loth to make mistakes when you're so set upon your plans."

Molly gave up her impulse in a moment. She saw that the old gardener was really perplexed, yet that he was as anxious as he could be to do his best. So she went over the ground again, pegging and explaining till the wrinkled brow was smooth again, and he kept saying, "I see, miss. All right, Miss Molly, I've gotten it in my head as clear as patch-work now."

So she could leave him, and go in. But just as she was close to the

garden door, Roger came out. It really was for once a case of virtue its own reward, for it was far pleasanter to her to have him in a tête-à-tête, however short, than in the restraint of Mrs. Gibson's and Cynthia's presence.

"I only just found out where you were, Molly. Mrs. Gibson said you had gone out, but she didn't know where; and it was the greatest chance that I turned round and saw you."

"I saw you some time ago, but I couldn't leave Williams. I think he was unusually slow to-day; and he seemed as if he couldn't understand my plan for the new flower-beds."

"Is that the paper you've got in your hand? Let me look at it, will you? Ah, I see! you've borrowed some of your ideas from our garden at home, haven't you? This bed of scarlet geraniums, with the border of young oaks, pegged down! That was a fancy of my dear mother's."

They were both silent for a minute or two. Then Molly said,—

"How is the squire? I've never seen him since."

"No, he told me how much he wanted to see you, but he couldn't make up his mind to come and call. I suppose it would never do now for you to come and stay at the Hall, would it? It would give my father so much pleasure: he looks upon you as a daughter, and I'm sure both Osborne and I shall always consider you are like a sister to us, after all my mother's love for you, and your tender care of her at last. But I suppose it wouldn't do."

"No! certainly not," said Molly, hastily.

"I fancy if you could come it would put us a little to rights. You know, as I think I once told you, Osborne has behaved differently to what I should have done, though not wrongly,—only what I call an error of judgment. But my father, I'm sure, has taken up some notion of—never mind; only the end of it is that he holds Osborne still in tacit disgrace, and is miserable himself all the time. Osborne, too, is sore and unhappy, and estranged from my father. It is just what my mother would have put right very soon, and perhaps you could have done it—unconsciously, I mean—for this wretched mystery that Osborne preserves about his affairs is at the root of it all. But there's no use talking about it; I don't know why I began." Then, with a wrench, changing the subject, while Molly still thought of what he had been telling her, he broke out,—“I can't tell you how much I like Miss Kirkpatrick, Molly. It must be a great pleasure to you having such a companion!”

"Yes," said Molly, half smiling. "I'm very fond of her; and I think I like her better every day I know her. But how quickly you have found out her virtues!"

"I didn't say 'virtues,' did I?" asked he, reddening, but putting the question in all good faith. "Yet I don't think one could be deceived in that face. And Mrs. Gibson appears to be a very friendly person,—she has asked Osborne and me to dine here on Friday."



"Bitter beer" came into Molly's mind; but what she said was, "And are you coming?"

"Certainly, I am, unless my father wants me; and I've given Mrs. Gibson a conditional promise for Osborne too. So I shall see you all very soon again. But I must go now. I have to keep an appointment seven miles from here in half an hour's time. Good luck to your flower-garden, Molly."

## CHAPTER XXII.

### THE OLD SQUIRE'S TROUBLES.

AFFAIRS were going on worse at the Hall than Roger had liked to tell. Moreover, very much of the discomfort there arose from "mere manner," as people express it, which is always indescribable and indefinable. Quiet and passive as Mrs. Hamley had always been in appearance, she was the ruling spirit of the house as long as she lived. The directions to the servants, down to the most minute particulars, came from her sitting-room, or from the sofa on which she lay. Her children always knew where to find her; and to find her, was to find love and sympathy. Her husband, who was often restless and angry from one cause or another, always came to her to be smoothed down and put right. He was conscious of her pleasant influence over him, and became at peace with himself when in her presence; just as a child is at ease when with some one who is both firm and gentle. But the keystone of the family arch was gone, and the stones of which it was composed began to fall apart. It is always sad when a sorrow of this kind seems to injure the character of the mourning survivors. Yet, perhaps, this injury may be only temporary or superficial; the judgments so constantly passed upon the way people bear the loss of those whom they have deeply loved, appear to be even more cruel, and wrongly meted out, than human judgments generally are. To careless observers, for instance, it would seem as though the squire was rendered more capricious and exacting, more passionate and authoritative, by his wife's death. The truth was, that it occurred at a time when many things came to harass him, and some to bitterly disappoint him; and *she* was no longer there to whom he used to carry his sore heart for the gentle balm of her sweet words, if the sore heart ached and smarted intensely; and often, when he saw how his violent conduct affected others, he could have cried out for their pity, instead of their anger and resentment: "Have mercy upon me, for I am very miserable." How often have such dumb thoughts gone up from the hearts of those who have taken hold of their sorrow by the wrong end, as prayers against sin! And when the squire saw that his servants were learning to dread him, and his first-born to avoid him, he did not blame them. He knew he was becoming a domestic tyrant; it seemed as if all circumstances conspired against him, and as if he was too weak to struggle with them; else, why did everything in-

doors and out-of-doors go so wrong just now, when all he could have done, had things been prosperous, was to have submitted, in very imperfect patience, to the loss of his wife? But just when he needed ready money to pacify Osborne's creditors, the harvest had turned out remarkably plentiful, and the price of corn had sunk down to a level it had not touched for years. The squire had insured his life at the time of his marriage for a pretty large sum. It was to be a provision for his wife, if she had survived him, and for their younger children. Roger was the only representative of these interests now; but the squire was unwilling to lose the insurance by ceasing to pay the annual sum. He would not, if he could, have sold any part of the estate which he inherited from his father; and, besides, it was strictly entailed. He had sometimes thought how wise a step it would have been could he have sold a portion of it, and with the purchase-money have drained and reclaimed the remainder; and at length, learning from some neighbour that Government would make certain advances for drainage, &c., at a very low rate of interest, on condition that the work was done, and the money repaid, within a given time, his wife had urged him to take advantage of the proffered loan. But now that she was no longer here to encourage him, and take an interest in the progress of the work, he grew indifferent to it himself, and cared no more to go out on his stout roan cob, and sit square on his seat, watching the labourers on the marshy land all overgrown with rushes; speaking to them from time to time in their own strong nervous country dialect: but the interest to Government had to be paid all the same, whether the men worked well or ill. Then the roof of the Hall let in the melted snow-water this winter; and, on examination, it turned out that a new roof was absolutely required. The men who had come about the advances made to Osborne by the London money-lender, had spoken disparagingly of the timber on the estate—"Very fine trees—sound, perhaps, too, fifty years ago, but gone to rot now; had wanted lopping and clearing. Was there no wood-ranger or forester? They were nothing like the value young Mr. Hamley had represented them to be of." The remarks had come round to the squire's ears. He loved the trees he had played under as a boy as if they were living creatures; that was on the romantic side of his nature. Merely looking at them as representing so many pounds sterling, he had esteemed them highly, and had had, until now, no opinion of another by which to correct his own judgment. So these words of the valuers cut him sharp, although he affected to disbelieve them, and tried to persuade himself that he did so. But, after all, these cares and disappointments did not touch the root of his deep resentment against Osborne. There is nothing like wounded affection for giving poignancy to anger. And the squire believed that Osborne and his advisers had been making calculations, based upon his own death. He hated the idea so much—it made him so miserable—that he would not face it, and define it, and meet it with full inquiry and investigation. He chose rather to cherish the morbid fancy that he was useless in this world—born under an unlucky

star—that all things went badly under his management. But he did not become humble in consequence. He put his misfortunes down to the score of Fate—not to his own; and he imagined that Osborne saw his failures, and that his first-born grudged him his natural term of life. All these fancies would have been set to rights could he have talked them over with his wife; or even had he been accustomed to mingle much in the society of those whom he esteemed his equals; but, as has been stated, he was inferior in education to those who should have been his mates; and perhaps the jealousy and *mauvaise honte* that this inferiority had called out long ago, extended itself in some measure to the feelings he entertained towards his sons—less to Roger than to Osborne, though the former was turning out by far the most distinguished man. But Roger was practical; interested in all out-of-doors things, and he enjoyed the details, homely enough, which his father sometimes gave him of the every-day occurrences which the latter had noticed in the woods and the fields. Osborne, on the contrary, was what is commonly called “fine;” delicate almost to effeminacy in dress and in manner; careful in small observances. All this his father had been rather proud of in the days when he had looked forward to a brilliant career at Cambridge for his son; he had at that time regarded Osborne’s fastidiousness and elegance as another stepping-stone to the high and prosperous marriage which was to restore the ancient fortunes of the Hamley family. But now that Osborne had barely obtained his degree; that all the boastings of his father had proved vain; that the fastidiousness had led to unexpected expenses (to attribute the most innocent cause to Osborne’s debts), the poor young man’s ways and manners became a subject of irritation to his father. Osborne was still occupied with his books and his writings when he was at home; and this mode of passing the greater part of the day gave him but few subjects in common with his father when they did meet at meal-times, or in the evenings. Perhaps if Osborne had been able to have more out-of-door amusements it would have been better; but he was short-sighted, and cared little for the carefully-observant pursuits of his brother: he knew but few young men of his own standing in the county; his hunting even, of which he was passionately fond, had been curtailed this season, as his father had disposed of one of the two hunters he had been hitherto allowed. The whole stable establishment had been reduced; perhaps because it was the economy which told most on the enjoyment of both the squire and Osborne, and which, therefore, the former took a savage pleasure in enforcing. The old carriage—a heavy family coach bought in the days of comparative prosperity—was no longer needed after madam’s death, and fell to pieces in the cobwebbed seclusion of the coach-house. The best of the two carriage-horses was taken for a gig, which the squire now set up; saying many a time to all who might care to listen to him that it was the first time for generations that the Hamleys of Hamley had not been able to keep their own coach. The other carriage-horse was turned

out to grass ; being too old for regular work. Conqueror used to come whinnying up to the park palings whenever he saw the squire, who had always a piece of bread, or some sugar, or an apple for the old favourite—and made many a complaining speech to the dumb animal, telling him of the change of times since both were in their prime. It had never been the squire's custom to encourage his boys to invite their friends to the Hall. Perhaps this, too, was owing to his *mauvaise honte*, and also to an exaggerated consciousness of the deficiencies of his establishment as compared with what he imagined these lads were accustomed to at home. He explained this once or twice to Osborne and Roger when they were at Rugby.

"You see, all you public schoolboys have a kind of freemasonry of your own, and outsiders are looked on by you much as I look on rabbits and all that isn't game. Ay, you may laugh, but it is so; and your friends will throw their eyes askance at me, and never think on my pedigree, which would beat theirs all to shivers, I'll be bound. No: I'll have no one here at the Hall who will look down on a Hamley of Hamley, even if he only knows how to make a cross instead of write his name."

Then, of course, they must not visit at houses to whose sons the squire could not or would not return a like hospitality. On all these points Mrs. Hamley had used her utmost influence without avail; his prejudices were immovable. As regarded his position as head of the oldest family in three counties, his pride was invincible; as regarded himself personally—ill at ease in the society of his equals, deficient in manners, and in education—his morbid sensitiveness was too sore and too self-conscious to be called humility.

Take one instance from among many similar scenes of the state of feeling between the squire and his eldest son, which, if it could not be called active discord, showed at least passive estrangement.

It took place on an evening in the March succeeding Mrs. Hamley's death. Roger was at Cambridge. Osborne had also been from home, and he had not volunteered any information as to his absence. The squire believed that Osborne had been either in Cambridge with his brother, or in London; he would have liked to hear where his son had been, what he had been doing, and whom he had seen, precisely as pieces of news, and as some diversion from the domestic worries and cares which were pressing him hard; but he was too proud to ask any questions, and Osborne had not given him any details of his journey. This silence had aggravated the squire's internal dissatisfaction, and he came home to dinner weary and sore-hearted a day or two after Osborne's return. It was just six o'clock, and he went hastily into his own little business-room on the ground-floor, and, after washing his hands, came into the drawing-room feeling as if he were very late, but the room was empty. He glanced at the clock over the mantelpiece, as he tried to warm his hands at the fire. The fire had been neglected, and had gone out during the day; it was now piled up with half-dried wood, which

sputtered and smoked instead of doing its duty in blazing and warming the room, through which the keen wind was cutting its way in all directions. The clock had stopped, no one had remembered to wind it up, but by the squire's watch it was already past dinner-time. The old butler put his head into the room, but, seeing the squire alone, he was about to draw it back, and wait for Mr. Osborne, before announcing dinner. He had hoped to do this unperceived, but the squire caught him in the act.

"Why isn't dinner ready?" he called out sharply. "It's ten minutes past six. And, pray, why are you using this wood? It's impossible to get oneself warm by such a fire as this."

"I believe, sir, that Thomas——"

"Don't talk to me of Thomas. Send dinner in directly."

About five minutes elapsed, spent by the hungry squire in all sorts of impatient ways—attacking Thomas, who came in to look after the fire; knocking the logs about, scattering out sparks, but considerably lessening the chances of warmth; touching up the candles, which appeared to him to give a light unusually insufficient for the large cold room. While he was doing this, Osborne came in dressed in full evening dress. He always moved slowly; and this, to begin with, irritated the squire. Then an uncomfortable consciousness of a black coat, drab trowsers, checked cotton cravat, and splashed boots, forced itself upon him as he saw Osborne's point-device costume. He chose to consider it affectation and finery in Osborne, and was on the point of bursting out with some remark, when the butler, who had watched Osborne downstairs before making the announcement, came in to say that dinner was ready.

"It surely isn't six o'clock?" said Osborne, pulling out his dainty little watch. He was scarcely more aware than it of the storm that was brewing.

"Six o'clock! It's more than a quarter past," growled out his father.

"I fancy your watch must be wrong, sir. I set mine by the Horse Guards only two days ago."

Now, impugning that old steady, turnip-shaped watch of the squire's was one of the insults which, as it could not reasonably be resented, was not to be forgiven. That watch had been given him by his father when watches were watches long ago. It had given the law to house-clocks, stable-clocks, kitchen-clocks—nay, even to Hamley Church clock in its day; and was it now, in its respectable old age, to be looked down upon by a little whipper-snapper of a French watch which could go into a man's waistcoat pocket, instead of having to be extricated, with due efforts, like a respectable watch of size and position, from a fob in the waistband. No! Not if the whipper-snapper were backed by all the Horse Guards that ever were, with the Life Guards to boot. Poor Osborne might have known better than to cast this slur on his father's flesh and blood; for so dear did he hold his watch!

"My watch is like myself," said the squire, 'girling,' as the Scotch

say—"plain, but steady-going. At any rate, it gives the law in my house. The King may go by the Horse Guards if he likes."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Osborne, really anxious to keep the peace; "I went by my watch, which is certainly right by London time; and I'd no idea you were waiting for me; otherwise I could have dressed much quicker."

"I should think so," said the squire, looking sarcastically at his son's attire. "When I was a young man I should have been ashamed to have spent as much time at my looking-glass as if I'd been a girl. I could make myself as smart as any one when I was going to a dance, or to a party where I was likely to meet pretty girls; but I should have laughed myself to scorn if I'd stood fiddle-faddling at a glass, smirking at my own likeness, all for my own pleasure."

Osborne reddened, and was on the point of letting fly some caustic remark on his father's dress at the present moment; but he contented himself with saying, in a low voice,—

"My mother always expected us all to dress for dinner. I got into the habit of doing it to please her, and I keep it up now." Indeed, he had a certain kind of feeling of loyalty to her memory in keeping up all the little domestic habits and customs she had instituted or preferred. But the contrast which the squire thought was implied by Osborne's remark, put him beside himself.

"And I, too, try to attend to her wishes. I do: and in more important things. I did when she was alive; and I do so now."

"I never said you did not," said Osborne, astonished at his father's passionate words and manner.

"Yes, you did, sir. You meant it. I could see by your looks. I saw you look at my morning-coat. At any rate, I never neglected any wish of hers in her lifetime. If she'd wished me to go to school again and learn my A, B, C, I would. By — I would; and I wouldn't have gone playing me, and lounging away my time, for fear of vexing and disappointing her. Yet some folks older than schoolboys—" The squire choked here; but though the words would not come his passion did not diminish. "I'll not have you casting up your mother's wishes to me, sir. You, who went near to break her heart at last!"

Osborne was strongly tempted to get up and leave the room. Perhaps it would have been better if he had; it might then have brought about an explanation, and a reconciliation between father and son. But he thought he did well in sitting still and appearing to take no notice. This indifference to what he was saying appeared to annoy the squire still more, and he kept on grumbling and talking to himself till Osborne, unable to bear it any longer, said, very quietly, but very bitterly—

"I am only a cause of irritation to you, and home is no longer home to me, but a place in which I am to be controlled in trifles, and scolded about trifles as if I were a child. Put me in a way of making a living for myself—that much your oldest son has a right to ask of you—I will then



leave this house, and you shall be no longer vexed by my dress, or my want of punctuality."

"You make your request pretty much as another son did long ago: 'Give me the portion that falleth to me.' But I don't think what he did with his money is much encouragement for me to ——" Then the thought of how little he could give his son his 'portion,' or any part of it, stopped the squire.

Osborne took up the speech.

"I'm as ready as any man to earn my living; only the preparation for any profession will cost money, and money I haven't got."

"No more have I," said the squire, shortly.

"What is to be done then?" said Osborne, only half believing his father's words.

"Why, you must learn to stop at home, and not take expensive journeys; and you must redeem your tailor's bill. I don't ask you to help me in the management of the land—you're far too fine a gentleman for that; but if you can't earn money, at least you needn't spend it."

"I've told you I'm willing enough to earn money," cried Osborne, passionately at last. "But how am I to do it? You really are very unreasonable, sir."

"Am I?" said the squire—cooling in manner, though not in temper, as Osborne grew warm. "But I don't set up for being reasonable: men who have to pay away money that they haven't got for their extravagant sons, aren't likely to be reasonable. There's two things you've gone and done which put me beside myself, when I think of them: you've turned out next door to a dunce at college, when your poor mother thought so much of you—and when you might have pleased and gratified her so if you chose—and, well! I won't say what the other thing is."

"Tell me, sir," said Osborne, almost breathless with the idea that his father had discovered his secret marriage; but the father was thinking of the money-lenders, who were calculating how soon Osborne would come into the estate.

"No!" said the squire. "I know what I know; and I'm not going to tell you how I know it. Only, I'll just say this—your friends no more know a piece of good timber when they see it than you or I know how you could earn five pounds if it was to keep you from starving. Now, there's Roger—we none of us made an ado about him; but he'll have his fellowship now I'll warrant him, and be a bishop, or a chancellor, or something, before we've found out he's clever—we've been so much taken up thinking about you. I don't know what's come over me to speak of 'we'—'we' in this way," said he, suddenly dropping his voice,—a change of voice as sad as sad could be. "I ought to say 'I;' it will be 'I' for evermore in this world."

He got up and left the room in quick haste, knocking over his chair, and not stopping to pick it up. Osborne, who was sitting and shading his eyes with his hand, as he had been doing for some time, looked up at the noise,

and then rose as quickly and hurried after his father, only in time to hear the study-door locked on the inside the moment he reached it.

Osborne returned into the dining-room chagrined and sorrowful. But he was always sensitive to any omission of the usual observances, which might excite remark; and even with his heavy heart he was careful to pick up the fallen chair, and restore it to its place near the bottom of the table; and afterwards so to disturb the dishes as to make it appear that they had been touched, before ringing for Robinson. When the latter came in, followed by Thomas, Osborne thought it necessary to say to him that his father was not well, and had gone into the study; and that he himself wanted no dessert, but would have a cup of coffee in the drawing-room. The old butler sent Thomas out of the room, and came up confidentially to Osborne.

"I thought master wasn't justly himself, Mr. Osborne, before dinner. And therefore I made excuses for him—I did. He spoke to Thomas about the fire, sir, which is a thing I could in nowise put up with, unless by reason of sickness, which I am always ready to make allowances for."

"Why shouldn't my father speak to Thomas?" said Osborne. "But, perhaps, he spoke angrily, I daresay; for I'm sure he's not well."

"No, Mr. Osborne, it wasn't that. I myself am given to anger; and I'm blessed with as good health as any man in my years. Besides, anger's a good thing for Thomas. He needs a deal of it. But it should come from the right quarter—and that is me myself, Mr. Osborne. I know my place, and I know my rights and duties as well as any butler that lives. And it's my duty to scold Thomas, and not master's. Master ought to have said, 'Robinson! you must speak to Thomas about letting out the fire,' and I'd ha' given it him well,—as I shall do now, for that matter. But as I said before, I make excuses for master, as being in mental distress and bodily ill-health; so I've brought myself round not to give warning, as I should ha' done, for certain, under happier circumstances."

"Really, Robinson, I think it's all great nonsense," said Osborne, weary of the long story the butler had told him, and to which he had not half attended. "What in the world does it signify whether my father speaks to you or to Thomas? Bring me coffee in the drawing-room, and don't trouble your head any more about scolding Thomas."

Robinson went away offended at his grievance being called nonsense. He kept muttering to himself in the intervals of scolding Thomas, and saying,—“Things is a deal changed since poor missis went. I don't wonder master feels it, for I'm sure I do. She was a lady who had always a becoming respect for a butler's position, and could have understood how he might be hurt in his mind. She'd never ha' called his delicacies of feelings nonsense—not she; no more would Mr. Roger. He's a merry young gentleman, and over-fond of bringing dirty, slimy creatures into the house; but he's always a kind word for a man who is hurt in his mind. He'd cheer up the squire, and keep him from getting so cross and wilful. I wish Mr. Roger was here, I do.”

The poor squire, shut up with his grief and his ill-temper as well, in the dingy, dreary study in which he daily spent more and more of his indoor life, turned over his cares and troubles till he was as bewildered with the process as a squirrel must be in going round in a cage. He had out day-books and ledgers, and was calculating up back-rents; and every time the sum-totals came to different amounts. He could have cried like a child over his sums; he was worn out and weary, angry and disappointed. He closed his books at last with a bang.

"I'm getting old," he said, "and my head's less clear than it used to be. I think sorrow for her has dazed me. I never was much to boast on; but she thought a deal of me—bless her! She'd never let me call myself stupid; but, for all that, I am stupid. Osborne ought to help me. He's had money enough spent on his learning; but instead, he comes down dressed like a popinjay, and never troubles his head to think how I'm to pay his debts. I wish I'd told him to earn his living as a dancing-master," said the squire, with a sad smile at his own wit. "He's dressed for all the world like one. And how he's spent the money no one knows! Perhaps Roger will turn up some day with a heap of creditors at his heels. No, he won't—not Roger; he may be slow, but he's steady, is old Roger. I wish he was here. He's not the eldest son, but he'd take an interest in the estate; and he'd do up these weary accounts for me. I wish Roger was here!"

---

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

##### OSBORNE HAMLEY REVIEWS HIS POSITION.

OSBORNE had his solitary cup of coffee in the drawing-room. He was very unhappy too, after his fashion. He stood on the hearth-rug pondering over his situation. He was not exactly aware how hardly his father was pressed for ready-money; the squire had never spoken to him on the subject without being angry; and many of his loose contradictory statements—all of which, however contradictory they might appear, had their basis in truth—were set down by his son to the exaggeration of passion. But it was uncomfortable enough to a young man of Osborne's age to feel himself continually hampered for want of a five-pound note. The principal supplies for the liberal—almost luxurious table at the Hall, came off the estate; so that there was no appearance of poverty as far as the household went; and as long as Osborne was content at home, he had everything he could wish for; but he had a wife elsewhere—he wanted to see her continually—and that necessitated journeys. She, poor thing! had to be supported: where was the money for the journeys and for Aimée's modest wants to come from? That was the puzzle in Osborne's mind just now. While he had been at college his allowance—heir of the Hamleys—had been three hundred, while Roger had to be content with a hundred less. The payment of these annual sums had given the squire a

good deal of trouble; but he thought of it as a merely temporary inconvenience; perhaps unreasonably thought so. Osborne was to do great things; take high honours, get a fellowship, marry a long-descended heiress, live in some of the many uninhabited rooms at the Hall, and help the squire in the management of the estate that would some time be his. Roger was to be a clergyman; steady, slow Roger was just fitted for that, and when he declined entering the Church, preferring a life of more activity and adventure, Roger was to be anything; he was useful and practical, and fit for all the employments from which Osborne was shut out by his fastidiousness, and his (pseudo) genius; so it was well he was an eldest son, for he would never have done to struggle through the world; and as for his settling down to a profession, it would be like cutting blocks with a razor! And now here was Osborne, living at home, but longing to be elsewhere; his allowance stopped in reality; indeed the punctual payment of it during the last year or two had been owing to his mother's exertions; but nothing had been said about its present cessation by either father or son: money matters were too sore a subject between them. Every now and then the squire threw him a ten-pound note or so; but the sort of suppressed growl with which they were given, and the entire uncertainty as to when he might receive them, rendered any calculation based upon their receipt exceedingly vague and uncertain.

"What in the world can I do to secure an income?" thought Osborne, as he stood on the hearth-rug, his back to a blazing fire, his cup of coffee sent up in the rare old china that had belonged to the Hall for generations; his dress finished, as dress of Osborne's could hardly fail to be. One could hardly have thought that this elegant young man, standing there in the midst of comfort that verged on luxury, should have been turning over that one great problem in his mind; but so it was. "What can I do to be sure of a present income? Things cannot go on as they are. I should need support for two or three years, even if I entered myself at the Temple, or Lincoln's Inn. It would be impossible to live on my pay in the army; besides, I should hate that profession. In fact, there are evils attending all professions—I couldn't bring myself to become a member of any I've ever heard of. Perhaps I'm more fitted to take orders than anything else, but to be compelled to write weekly sermons whether one had anything to say or not, and, probably, doomed only to associate with people below one in refinement and education! Yet poor Aimée must have money. I can't bear to compare our dinners here, overloaded with joints and game and sweets, as Dawson will persist in sending them up, with Aimée's two little mutton-chops. Yet what would my father say if he knew I'd married a Frenchwoman? In his present mood he'd disinherit me, if that is possible; and he'd speak about her in a way I couldn't stand. A Roman Catholic, too! Well, I don't repent it. I'd do it again. Only if my mother had been in good health, if she could have heard my story, and known Aimée! As it is, I must keep it secret; but where to get money? Where to get money?"

Then he bethought him of his poems—would they sell, and bring him in money? In spite of Milton, he thought they might; and he went to fetch his MSS. out of his room. He sat down near the fire, trying to study them with a critical eye, to represent public opinion as far as he could. He had changed his style since the Mrs. Hemans' days. He was essentially imitative in his poetic faculty; and of late he had followed the lead of a popular writer of sonnets. He turned his poems over: they were almost equivalent to an autobiographical passage in his life. Arranging them in their order, they came as follows:—

"To Aimée, Walking with a Little Child."

"To Aimée, Singing at her Work."

"To Aimée, turning away from me while I told my Love."

"Aimée's Confession."

"Aimée in Despair."

"The Foreign Land in which my Aimée dwells."

"The Wedding Ring."

"The Wife."

When he came to this last sonnet he put down his bundle of papers and began to think. "The wife." Yes, and a French wife; and a Roman Catholic wife—and a wife who might be said to have been in service! And his father's hatred of the French, both collectively and individually—collectively, as tumultuous brutal ruffians, who murdered their king, and committed all kinds of bloody atrocities: individually, as represented by "Boney," and the various caricatures of "Johnny Crapaud" that had been in full circulation about five-and-twenty years before this time—when the squire had been young and capable of receiving impressions. As for the form of religion in which Mrs. Osborne Hamley had been brought up, it is enough to say that Catholic emancipation had begun to be talked about by some politicians, and that the sullen roar of the majority of Englishmen, at the bare idea of it, was surging in the distance with ominous threatenings; the very mention of such a measure before the squire was, as Osborne well knew, like shaking a red flag before a bull.

And then he considered that if Aimée had had the unspeakable, the incomparable blessing of being born of English parents, in the very heart of England—Warwickshire, for instance—and had never heard of priests, or mass, or confession, or the Pope, or Guy Fawkes, but had been born, baptized, and bred in the Church of England, without having ever seen the outside of a dissenting meeting-house, or a papist chapel—even with all these advantages, her having been a (what was the equivalent for "bonne" in English? nursery-governess was a term hardly invented) nursery-maid, with wages paid down once a quarter, liable to be dismissed at a month's warning, and having her tea and sugar doled out to her, would be a shock to his father's old ancestral pride that he would hardly ever get over.

"If he saw her!" thought Osborne. "If he could but see her!" But if the squire were to see Aimée, he would also hear her speak her pretty broken English—precious to her husband, as it was in it that she

had confessed brokenly with her English tongue, that she loved him soundly with her French heart—and Squire Hamley piqued himself on being a good hater of the French. “She would make such a loving, sweet, docile little daughter to my father—she would go as near as any one could towards filling up the blank void in this house, if he could but have her; but he won’t; he never would; and he shan’t have the opportunity of scouting her. Yet if I called her “Lucy” in these sonnets; and if they made a great effect—were praised in *Blackwood* and the *Quarterly*—and all the world was agog to find out the author; and I told him my secret—I could if I were successful—I think then he would ask who Lucy was, and I could tell him all then. If—how I hate ‘ifs.’ ‘If me no ifs.’ My life has been based on ‘whens;’ and first they have turned to ‘ifs,’ and then they have vanished away. It was ‘when Osborne gets honours,’ and then ‘if Osborne,’ and then a failure altogether. I said to Aimée, ‘When my mother sees you,’ and now it is ‘If my father saw her,’ with a very faint prospect of its ever coming to pass.” So he let the evening hours flow on and disappear in reveries like these; winding up with a sudden determination to try the fate of his poems with a publisher, with the direct expectation of getting money for them, and an ulterior fancy that, if successful, they might work wonders with his father.

When Roger came home Osborne did not let a day pass before telling his brother of his plans. He never did conceal anything long from Roger; the feminine part of his character made him always desirous of a confidant, and as sweet sympathy as he could extract. But Roger’s opinion had no effect on Osborne’s actions; and Roger knew this full well. So when Osborne began with—“I want your advice on a plan I have got in my head,” Roger replied: “Some one told me that the Duke of Wellington’s maxim was never to give advice unless he could enforce its being carried into effect; now I can’t do that; and you know, old boy, you don’t follow out my advice when you’ve got it.”

“Not always, I know. Not when it does not agree with my own opinion. You are thinking about this concealment of my marriage; but you’re not up in all the circumstances. You know how fully I meant to have done it, if there had not been that row about my debts; and then my mother’s illness and death. And now you’ve no conception how my father is changed—how irritable he has become! Wait till you’ve been at home a week! Robinson, Morgan—it’s the same with them all; but worst of all with me!”

“Poor fellow!” said Roger; “I thought he looked terribly changed; shrunk, and his ruddiness of complexion altered.”

“Why, he hardly takes half the exercise he used to do, so it’s no wonder. He has turned away all the men off the new works, which used to be such an interest to him; and because the roan cob stumbled with him one day, and nearly threw him, he won’t ride it; and yet he won’t sell it and buy another, which would be the sensible plan; so there are two old horses eating their heads off, while he is constantly talking



about money and expense. And that brings me to what I was going to say. I'm desperately hard up for money, and so I've been collecting my poems—weeding them well, you know—going over them quite critically, in fact; and I want to know if you think Deighton would publish them. You've a name in Cambridge, you know; and I daresay he would look at them if you offered them to him."

"I can but try," said Roger; "but I'm afraid you won't get much by them."

"I don't expect much. I'm a new man, and must make my name. I should be content with a hundred. If I'd a hundred pounds I'd set myself to do something. I might keep myself and Aimée by my writings while I studied for the bar; or, if the worst came to the worst, a hundred pounds would take us to Australia."

"Australia! Why, Osborne, what could you do there? And leave my father! I hope you'll never get your hundred pounds, if that's the use you're to make of it! Why, you'd break the squire's heart."

"It might have done once," said Osborne, gloomily, "but it would not now. He looks at me askance, and shies away from conversation with me. Let me alone for noticing and feeling this kind of thing. It's this very susceptibility to outward things that gives me what faculty I have; and it seems to me as if my bread, and my wife's too, were to depend upon it. You'll soon see for yourself the terms which I am on with my father!"

Roger did soon see. His father had slipped into a habit of silence at meal-times—a habit which Osborne, who was troubled and anxious enough for his own part, had not striven to break. Father and son sate together, and exchanged all the necessary speeches connected with the occasion civilly enough; but it was a relief to them when their intercourse was over, and they separated—the father to brood over his sorrow and his disappointment, which were real and deep enough, and the injury he had received from his boy, which was exaggerated in his mind by his ignorance of the actual steps Osborne had taken to raise money. If the money-lenders had calculated the chances of his father's life or death in making their bargain, Osborne himself had thought only of how soon and how easily he could get the money requisite for clearing him from all imperious claims at Cambridge, and for enabling him to follow Aimée to her home in Alsace, and for the subsequent marriage. As yet, Roger had never seen his brother's wife; indeed, he had only been taken into Osborne's full confidence after all was decided in which his advice could have been useful. And now, in the enforced separation, Osborne's whole thought, both the poetical and practical sides of his mind, ran upon the little wife who was passing her lonely days in farmhouse lodgings, wondering when her bridegroom husband would come to her next. With such an engrossing subject it was, perhaps, no wonder that he unconsciously neglected his father; but it was none the less sad at the time, and to be regretted in its consequences.

"I may come in and have a pipe with you, sir, mayn't I?" said Roger, that first evening, pushing gently against the study-door, which his father held only half open.

"You'll not like it," said the squire, still holding the door against him, but speaking in a relenting tone. "The tobacco I use isn't what young men like. Better go and have a cigar with Osborne."

"No. I want to sit with you, and I can stand pretty strong tobacco."

Roger pushed in, the resistance slowly giving way before him.

"It will make your clothes smell. You'll have to borrow Osborne's scents to sweeten yourself," said the squire, grimly, at the same time pushing a short smart amber-mouthed pipe to his son.

"No; I'll have a churchwarden. Why, father, do you think I'm a baby to put up with a doll's-head like this?" looking at the carving upon it.

The squire was pleased in his heart, though he did not choose to show it. He only said, "Osborne brought it me when he came back from Germany. That's three years ago." And then for some time they smoked in silence. But the voluntary companionship of his son was very soothing to the squire, though not a word might be said. The next speech he made showed the direction of his thoughts; indeed his words were always a transparent medium through which the current might be seen.

"A deal of a man's life comes and goes in three years—I've found that out." And he puffed away at his pipe again. While Roger was turning over in his mind what answer to make to this truism, the squire again stopped his smoking and spoke.

"I remember when there was all that fuss about the Prince of Wales being made Regent, I read somewhere—I daresay it was in a newspaper—that kings and their heirs-apparent were always on bad terms. Osborne was quite a little chap then: he used to go out riding with me on White Surrey; you won't remember the pony we called White Surrey?"

"I remember it; but I thought it a tall horse in those days."

"Ah! that was because you were such a small lad, you know. I had seven horses in the stable then—not counting the farm-horses. I don't recollect having a care then, except—*she* was always delicate, you know. But what a beautiful boy Osborne was! He was always dressed in black velvet—it was a foppery, but it wasn't my doing, and it was all right, I'm sure. He's a handsome fellow now, but the sunshine has gone out of his face."

"He's a good deal troubled about this money, and the anxiety he has given you," said Roger, rather taking his brother's feelings for granted.

"Not he," said the squire, taking the pipe out of his mouth, and hitting the bowl so sharply against the hob that it broke in pieces. "There! But never mind! I say, not he, Roger! He's none troubled about the money. It's easy getting money from Jews if you're the eldest son, and the heir. They just ask, 'How old is your father, and has he had a stroke, or a fit?' and it's settled out of hand, and then they

come prowling about a place, and running down the timber and land—Don't let us speak of him ; it's no good, Roger. He and I are out of tune, and it seems to me as if only God Almighty could put us to rights. It's thinking of how he grieved her at last that makes me so bitter with him. And yet there's a deal of good in him ! and he's so quick and clever, if only he'd give his mind to things. Now, you were always slow, Roger—all your masters used to say so."

Roger laughed a little—

"Yes ; I'd many a nickname at school for my slowness," said he.

"Never mind !" said the squire, consolingly. "I'm sure I don't. If you were a clever fellow like Osborne yonder, you'd be all for caring for books and writing, and you'd perhaps find it as dull as he does to keep company with a bumpkin-squire Jones like me. Yet I daresay they think a deal of you at Cambridge," said he, after a pause, "since you've got this fine wranglership ; I'd nearly forgotten that—the news came at such a miserable time."

"Well, yes ! They're always proud of the senior wrangler of the year up at Cambridge. Next year I must abdicate."

The squire sat and gazed into the embers, still holding his useless pipe-stem. At last he said, in a low voice, as if scarcely aware he had got a listener,—“I used to write to her when she was away in London, and tell her the home news. But no letter will reach her now ! Nothing reaches her !”

Roger started up.

"Where's the tobacco-box, father ? Let me fill you another pipe !” and when he had done so, he stooped over his father and stroked his cheek. The squire shook his head.

"You've only just come home, lad. You don't know me, as I am now-a-days ! Ask Robinson—I won't have you asking Osborne, he ought to keep it to himself—but any of the servants will tell you I'm not like the same man for getting into passions with them. I used to be reckoned a good master, but that is past now ! Osborne was once a little boy, and she was once alive—and I was once a good master—a good master—yes ! It is all past now."

He took up his pipe, and began to smoke afresh, and Roger, after a silence of some minutes, began a long story about some Cambridge man's misadventure on the hunting-field, telling it with such humour that the squire was beguiled into hearty laughing. When they rose to go to bed his father said to Roger,—

"Well, we've had a pleasant evening—at least, I have. But perhaps you have not ; for I'm but poor company now, I know."

"I don't know when I've passed a happier evening, father," said Roger. And he spoke truly, though he did not trouble himself to find out the cause of his happiness.

## The Winds.

---

O wild raving west winds . . . .

Oh ! where do ye rise from, and where do ye die ?

THE question which is put in these lines is one which has posed the ingenuity of all who have ever thought on it; and though theories have repeatedly been propounded to answer it, yet one and all fail, and we again recur to the words of Him who knew all things and said, "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth."

However, though we cannot assign exactly the source whence the winds rise or the goal to which they tend, the labours of meteorologists have been so far successful as to enable us to understand the causes of the great currents of air, and even to map out the winds which prevail at different seasons in the various quarters of the globe. The problem which has thus been solved is one vastly more simple than that of saying why the wind changes on any particular day, or at what spot on the earth's surface a particular current begins or ends. Were these questions solved, there would be an end to all uncertainty about weather. There need be no fear that the farmer would lose his crops owing to the change of weather, if the advent of every shower had been foretold by an unerring guide, and the precise day of the break in the weather predicted weeks and months before. This is the point on which weather-prophets—"astro-meteorologists" they call themselves now-a-days—still venture their predictions, undismayed by their reported and glaring failures. It has been well remarked that not one of these prophets foretold the dry weather which lasted for so many weeks during the last summer; yet, even at the present day, there are people who look to the almanacks to see what weather is to be expected at a given date; and even the prophecies of "Old Moore" find, or used to find within a very few years, an ample credence. In fact, if we are to believe the opinions propounded by the positive philosophers of the present day, we must admit that it is absurd to place any limits on the possibility of predicting natural phenomena, inasmuch as all operations of nature obey fixed and unalterable laws, which are all discoverable by the unaided mind of man.

True science, we may venture to say, is more modest than these gentlemen would have us to think it; and though in the particular branch of knowledge of which we are now treating, daily prophecies (or "forecasts," as Admiral Fitzroy is careful to call them,) of weather appear in the newspapers, yet these are not announced dogmatically, and no attempt is made in them to foretell weather for more than forty-eight hours in advance. We are not going to discuss the question of storms and storm-signals at present, so we shall proceed to the subject in hand—the ordinary wind-currents of the earth; and in speaking of these shall

confine ourselves as far as possible to well-known and recorded facts, bringing in each case the best evidence which we can adduce to support the theories which may be broached.

What then, our readers will ask, is the cause of the winds? The simple answer is—the Sun. Let us see, now, how this indefatigable agent, who appears to do almost everything on the surface of the earth, from painting pictures to driving steam-engines, as George Stephenson used to maintain that he did, is able to raise the wind.

If you light a fire in a room, and afterwards stop up every chink by which air can gain access to the fire, except the chimney, the fire will go out in a short time. Again, if a lamp is burning on the table, and you stop up the chimney at the top, the lamp will go out at once. The reason of this is that the flame, in each case, attracts the air, and if either the supply of air is cut off below, or its escape above is checked, the flame cannot go on burning. This explanation, however, does not bear to be pushed too far. The reason that the fire goes out if the supply of air is cut off is, that the flame, so to speak, feeds on air; while the sun cannot be said, in any sense, to be dependent on the earth's atmosphere for the fuel for his fire. We have chosen the illustration of the flame, because the facts are so well known. If, instead of a lamp in the middle of a room, we were to hang up a large mass of iron, heated, we should find that currents of air set in from all sides, rose up above it, and spread out when they reached the ceiling, descending again along the walls. The existence of these currents may be easily proved by sprinkling a handful of fine chaff about in the room. What is the reason of the circulation thus produced? The iron, unless it be extremely hot, as it is when melted by Mr. Bessemer's process, does not require the air in order to keep up its heat; and, in fact, the constant supply of fresh air cools it, as the metal gives away its own heat to the air as fast as the particles of the latter come in contact with it. Why, then, do the currents arise? Because the air, when heated, expands or gets lighter, and rises, leaving an empty space, or vacuum, where it was before. Then the surrounding cold air being elastic, forces itself into the open space, and gets heated in its turn.

From this we can see that there will be a constant tendency in the air to flow towards that point on the earth's surface where the temperature is highest—or, all other things being equal, to that point where the sun may be at that moment in the zenith. Accordingly, if the earth's surface were either entirely dry land, or entirely water, and the sun were continually in the plane of the equator, we should expect to find the direction of the great wind-currents permanent and unchanged throughout the year. The true state of the case is, however, that these conditions are very far from being fulfilled. Every one knows that the sun is not always immediately over the equator, but that he is at the tropic of Cancer in June, and at the tropic of Capricorn in December, passing the equator twice every year at the equinoxes. Here, then, we have one cause which disturbs the regular flow of the wind-currents. The effect of this is materially increased by the extremely arbitrary way in which the dry land has been distri-

buted over the globe. The Northern hemisphere contains the whole of Europe, Asia, and North America, the greater part of Africa, and a portion of South America; while in the Southern hemisphere we only find the remaining portions of the two last-named continents, with Australia and some of the large islands in its vicinity. Accordingly, during our summer there is a much greater area of dry land exposed to the nearly vertical rays of the sun than is the case during our winter.

Let us see for a moment how this cause acts in modifying the direction of the wind-currents. We shall find it easier to make this intelligible if we take an illustration from observed facts. It takes about five times as much heat to raise a ton weight of water through a certain range of temperature, as it does to produce the same effect in the case of a ton of rock. Again, the tendency of a surface of dry land to give out heat, and consequently to warm the air above it, and cause it to rise, is very much greater than that of a surface of water of equal area. Hence we can at once see the cause of the local winds which are felt every day in calm weather in islands situated in hot climates. During the day the island becomes very hot, and thus what the French call a "*courant ascendant*" is set in operation. The air above the land gets hot and rises, while the colder air which is on the sea all round it flows in to fill its place, and is felt as a cool sea-breeze. During the night these conditions are exactly reversed: the land can no longer get any heat from the sun, as he has set, while it is still nearly as liberal in parting with its acquired heat as it was before. Accordingly, it soon becomes cooler than the sea in its neighbourhood; and the air, instead of rising up over it, sinks down upon it, and flows out to sea, producing a land-wind.

These conditions are, apparently, nearly exactly fulfilled in the region of the monsoons, with the exception that the change of wind takes place at intervals of six months, and not every twelve hours. In this district—which extends over the southern portion of Asia and the Indian Ocean—the wind for half the year blows from one point, and for the other half from that which is directly opposite. The winds are North-east and South-west in Hindustan; and in Java, at the other side of the equator, they are South-east and North-west. The cause of the winds—monsoons they are called, from an Arabic word, *mausim*, meaning season—is not quite so easily explained as that of the ordinary land and sea breezes to which we have just referred. Their origin is to be sought for in the temperate zone, and not between the tropics. The reason of this is that the districts towards which the air is sucked in are not those which are absolutely hottest, but those where the rarefaction of the air is greatest. When the air becomes lighter it is said to be rarefied, and this rarefaction ought apparently to be greatest where the temperature is highest. This would be the case if the air were the only constituent of our atmosphere. There is, however, a very important disturbing agent to be taken into consideration, viz. aqueous vapour. There is always, when it is not actually raining, a quantity of water rising from the surface of the sea and from every exposed water-surface, and mingling with the air. This



water is perfectly invisible: as it is in the form of vapour, it is true steam, and its presence only becomes visible when it is condensed so as to form a cloud. The hotter the air is, the more of this aqueous vapour is it able to hold in the invisible condition.

We shall naturally expect to find a greater amount of this steam in the air at places situated near the coast, than at those in the interior of continents, and this is actually the case. The amount of rarefaction which the dry air on the sea-coast of Hindustan undergoes in summer, is partially compensated for by the increased tension of the aqueous vapour, whose presence in the air is due to the action of the sun's heat on the surface of the Indian Ocean. In the interior of Asia there is no great body of water to be found, and the winds from the south lose most of the moisture which they contain in passing over the Himalayas. Accordingly the air here is extremely dry, and a compensation, similar to that which is observed in Hindustan, cannot take place. It is towards this district that the wind is sucked in, and the attraction is sufficient to draw a portion of the South-east trade-wind across the line into the Northern hemisphere. In our winter the region where the rarefaction is greatest is the continent of Australia; and accordingly, in its turn, it sucks the North-east trade-wind of the Northern hemisphere across the equator. Thus we see that in the region which extends from the coast of Australia to the centre of Asia we have monsoons, or winds which change regularly every six months. As to the directions of the different monsoons, we shall discuss them when we have disposed of the trade-winds—which ought by rights, as Professor Dove observes, rather to be considered as an imperfectly developed monsoon, than the latter to be held as a modification of the former.

The origin of the trade-winds is to be sought for, as before, in the heating power of the sun, and their direction is a result of the figure of the earth, and of its motion on its axis. When the air at the equator rises, that in higher latitudes on either side flows in, and would be felt as a North wind or as a South wind respectively, if the earth's motion on its axis did not affect it. The figure of the earth is pretty nearly that of a sphere, and, as it revolves round its axis, it is evident that those points on its surface, which are situated at the greatest distance from the axis, will have to travel over a greater distance in the same time than those which are near it. Thus, for instance, London, which is nearly under the parallel of  $50^{\circ}$ , has only to travel about three-fifths of the distance which a place like Quito, situated under the equator, has to travel in the same time. A person situated in London is carried, imperceptibly to himself, by the motion of the earth, through 15,000 miles towards the eastward in the twenty-four hours; while another at Quito is carried through 25,000 miles in the same time. Accordingly, if the Londoner, preserving his own rate of motion, were suddenly transferred to Quito, he would be left 10,000 miles behind the other in the course of the twenty-four hours, or would appear to be moving in the opposite direction, from East to West, at the rate of about 400 miles an hour. The case would be just as if a person were to be thrown into a railway carriage which was moving at full

speed; he would appear to his fellow-passengers to be moving in the opposite direction to them, while in reality the motion of progression was in the train, not in the person who was thrown into it. The air is transferred from high to low latitudes, but this change is gradual, and the earth, accordingly, by means of the force of friction, is able to retard its relative velocity before it reaches the tropics, so that its actual velocity, though still considerable, is far below 400 miles an hour.

This wind comes from high latitudes, and becomes more and more easterly, reaching us as a nearly true North-east wind; and as it gets into lower latitudes becoming more and more nearly East, and forming a belt of North-east wind all round the earth on the Northern side of the equator. In the Southern hemisphere, there is a similar belt of permanent winds, which are, of course, South-easterly instead of North-easterly. These belts are not always at equal distances at each side of the equator, as their position is dependent on the situation of the zone of maximum temperature for the time being. When we reach the actual district where the air rises, we find the easterly direction of the wind no longer so remarkable, as has been noticed by Basil Hall and others. The reason is, that by the time that the air reaches the district where it rises, it has obtained by means of its friction with the earth's surface a rate of motion round the earth's axis, nearly equal to that of the earth's surface itself.

The trade-wind zones, called, by the Spaniards, the "Ladies' Sea"—*El Golfo de las Damas*—because navigation on a sea where the wind never changed was so easy, shift their position according to the apparent motion of the sun in the ecliptic. In the Atlantic the North-east trade begins in summer in the latitude of the Azores; in winter it commences to the south of the Canaries.

In the actual trade-wind zones rain very seldom falls, any more than it does in these countries when the East wind has well set in. The reason of this is, that the air on its passage from high to low latitudes is continually becoming warmer and warmer. According as its temperature rises, its power of dissolving (so to speak) water increases also, and so it is constantly increasing its burden of water until it reaches the end of its journey, where it rises into the higher regions of the atmosphere, and there is suddenly cooled. The chilling process condenses, to a great extent, the aqueous vapour contained in the trade-wind air, and causes it to fall in constant discharges of heavy rain. Throughout the tropics the rainy season coincides with that period at which the sun is in the zenith, and in this region the heaviest rainfall on the globe is observed. The wettest place in the world, Cherrapoonjee, is situated in the Cossya Hills, about 250 miles North-east of Calcutta, just outside the torrid zone. There the rainfall is upwards of 600 inches in the year, or twenty times as much as it is on the West coasts of Scotland and Ireland. However, in such extreme cases as this, there are other circumstances to be taken into consideration, such as the position of the locality as regards mountain chains, which may cause the clouds to drift over one particular spot.

To return to the wind: When the air rises at the equatorial edge of

the trade-wind zone, it flows away above the lower trade-wind current. The existence of an upper current in the tropics is well known. Volcanic ashes, which have fallen in several of the West Indian Islands on several occasions, have been traced to volcanoes which lay to the westward of the locality where the ashes fell, at a time when there was no West wind blowing at the sea-level. To take a recent instance : ashes fell at Kingston, Jamaica, in the year 1835, and it is satisfactorily proved that they had been ejected from the volcano of Coseguina, on the Pacific shore of Central America, and must consequently have been borne to the Eastward by an upper current counter to the direction of the easterly winds which were blowing at the time at the sea-level.

Captain Maury supposes that when the air rises, at either side of the equator, it crosses over into the opposite hemisphere, so that there is a constant interchange of air going on between the Northern and Southern hemispheres. This he has hardly sufficiently proved, and his views are not generally accepted. One of the arguments on which he lays great stress in support of his theory is, that on certain occasions dust has fallen in various parts of Western Europe, and that in it there have been discovered microscopical animals similar to those which are found in South America. This appears to be scarcely an incontrovertible proof ; as Admiral Fitzroy observes :—"Certainly such insects *may* be found in Brazil ; but does it follow that they are not also in Africa under nearly the same parallels?"

This counter-current, or "anti-trade," as Sir J. Herschel has called it, is at a high level in the atmosphere between the tropics, far above the top of the highest mountains ; but at the exterior edge of the trade-wind zone, it descends to the surface of the ground. The Canary Islands are situated close to this edge, and accordingly we find that there is always a westerly wind at the summit of the Peak of Teneriffe, while the wind at the sea-level, in the same island, is easterly throughout the summer months. Professor Piazzzi Smith, who lived for some time on the top of that mountain making astronomical observations, has recorded some very interesting details of the conflicts between the two currents, which he was able to observe accurately from his elevated position. In winter the trade-wind zone is situated to the south of its summer position in latitude, and at this season the South-west wind is felt at the sea-level in the Canary Islands. Similar facts to these have been observed in other localities where there are high mountains situated on the edge of the trade-wind zone, as, for instance, Mouna Loa in the Sandwich Islands. There can therefore be no doubt that the warm moist West wind which is felt so generally in the temperate zones, is really the air returning to the Poles from the equator, which has now assumed a South-west direction on its return journey, owing to conditions the reverse of those which imparted to it a North-east motion on its way towards the equator. This, then, is our South-west wind, which is so prevalent in the North Atlantic Ocean that the voyage from Europe to America is not unfrequently called the up-hill trip, in contra-distinction to the down-hill passage home. These are the

"brave West winds" of Maury, whose refreshing action on the soil he never tires of recapitulating.

The South-west monsoons of Hindustan, which blow from May to October, and the North-west monsoons of the Java seas, which are felt between November and April, owe their westerly motion to a cause similar to that of the anti-trades which we have just described. To take the case of the monsoons of Hindustan: we have seen above how the rarefaction of the air in Central Asia attracts the South-east trade-wind of the Southern hemisphere across the equator. This air, when it moves from the equator into higher latitudes, brings with it the rate of motion, to the eastward, of the equatorial regions which it has lately left, and is felt as a South-west wind. Accordingly, the directions of the monsoons are thus accounted for. In the winter months the true North-east trade-wind is felt in Hindustan; while in the summer months its place is taken by the South-east trade of the Southern hemisphere, making its appearance as the South-west monsoon. In Java, conditions exactly converse to these are in operation, and the winds are South-east from April to November, and North-west during the rest of the year.

The change of one monsoon to the other is always accompanied by rough weather, called in some places the "breaking-out" of the monsoon; just as with us the equinox, or change of the season from summer to winter, and *vice versa*, is marked by "Windy weather," or "Equinoctial gales."

The question may, however, well be asked, why there are no monsoons in the Atlantic Ocean?

In the first place, the amount of rarefaction which the air in Africa and in Brazil undergoes, in the respective hot seasons of those regions, is far less considerable than that which is observed in Asia and Australia at the corresponding seasons.

Secondly, in the case of the Atlantic Ocean, the two districts towards which the air is attracted are situated within the torrid zone, while in the Indian Ocean they are quite outside the tropics, and in the temperate zones. Accordingly, even if the suction of the air across the equator did take place to the same extent in the former case as in the latter, the extreme contrast in direction between the two monsoons would not be perceptible to the same extent, owing to the fact that the same amount of westing could not be imparted to the wind, because it had not to travel into such high latitudes on either side of the equator. A tendency to the production of the phenomenon of the monsoons is observable along the coast of Guinea, where winds from the South and South-west are very generally felt. These winds are not really the South-east trade-wind, which has been attracted across the line into the Northern hemisphere. They ought rather to be considered as of the same nature as the land and sea breezes before referred to, since we find it to be very generally the case, that in warm climates the ordinary wind-currents undergo a deflection to a greater or less extent along a coast-line such as that of Guinea, Brazil, or the North of Australia.

Our readers may perhaps ask why it is, that when we allege that the

whole of the winds of the globe owe their origin to a regular circulation of the air from the Polar regions to the equator, and back again, we do not find more definite traces of such a circulation in the winds of our own latitudes? The answer to this is, that the traces of this circulation are easily discoverable if we only know how to look for them. In the Mediterranean Sea, situated near the Northern edge of the trade-wind zone, the contrast between the equatorial and Polar currents of air is very decidedly marked. The two conflicting winds are known under various names in different parts of the district. The Polar current, on its way to join the trade-wind, is termed the "Tramontane," in other parts the "Bora," the "Maestral," &c. ; while the return trade-wind bringing rain is well known under the name of the "Sirocco." In Switzerland the same wind is called the "Föhn," and is a warm wind, which causes the ice and snow to melt rapidly, and constantly brings with it heavy rain.

In these latitudes, the contrast is not so very striking, but even here every one knows that the only winds which last for more than a day or two at a time are the North-east and the South-west winds, the former of which is dry and cold, the latter moist and warm. The difference between these winds is much more noticeable in winter than in summer, inasmuch as in the latter season Russia and the Northern part of Asia enjoy, relatively to the British islands, a much higher temperature than is the case in winter ; so that the air which moves from those regions during the summer months does not come to us from a climate which is colder than our own, but from one which is warmer.

So far, then, we have attempted to trace the ordinary wind-currents, but as yet there are very many questions connected therewith which are not quite sufficiently explained. To mention one of these, we hear from many observers on the late Arctic expeditions, that the most marked characteristic of the winds in the neighbourhood of Baffin's Bay, is the great predominance of North-westerly winds. It is not as yet decided, nor can it ever be satisfactorily decided, how far to the northward and westward this phenomenon is noticeable. The question then is, Whence does this North-west wind come ?

As to the causes of the sudden changes of wind, and of storms, they are as yet shrouded in mystery, and we cannot have much expectation that in our lifetime at least much will be done to unravel the web. Meteorology is a very young science—if it deserves the title of science at all—and until observations for a long series of years shall have been made at many stations, we shall not be in the possession of trustworthy facts on which to ground our reasoning. It is merely shoving the difficulty a step farther off to assign these irregular variations to atmospheric waves. It will be time enough to reason accurately about the weather and its changes, when we ascertain what these atmospheric waves are, and what causes them. Until the "astro-meteorologists" will tell us the principles on which their calculations are based, we must decline to receive their predictions as worthy of any credence whatever.

## Willie Baird: a Winter Idyll.

—•••—  
 An old man's tale, a tale for men grey-hair'd,  
 Who wear, thro' second childhood, to the Lord.  
 —•••—

'Tis two-and-thirty summers since I came  
 To school the village lads of Inverglenn.

My father was a shepherd old and poor,  
 Who, dwelling 'mong the clouds on norland hills,  
 His tartan plaidie on, and by his side  
 His sheep-dog running, redden'd with the winds  
 'That whistle saltly south from Polar seas:  
 I follow'd in his footsteps when a boy,  
 And knew by heart the mountains round our home;  
 But when I went to Edinglass, to learn  
 At college there, I looked about the place,  
 And heard the murmur of the busy streets  
 Around me, in a dream;—and only saw  
 The clouds that snow around the mountain tops,  
 The mists that chase the phantom of the moon  
 In lonely mountain tarns,—and heard the while,  
 Not footsteps sounding hollow to and fro,  
 But winds sough-soughing thro' the woods of pine.  
 Time passed; and day by day those sights and sounds  
 Grew fainter,—till they troubled me no more.

O Willie, Willie, are you sleeping sound?  
 And can you feel the stone that I have placed  
 Yonder above you? Are you dead, my doo?  
 Or did you see the shining Hand that parts  
 The clouds above, and becks the bonnie birds,  
 Until they wing away, and human eyes,  
 That watch them till they vanish in the blue,  
 Droop and grow tearful? Ay, I ken, I ken,  
 I'm talking folly, but I loved the child!  
 He was the bravest scholar in the school!  
 He came to teach the very dominie—  
*Me*, with my lyart locks and sleepy heart!



O well I mind the day his mother brought  
Her tiny trembling tot with yellow hair,  
Her tiny poor-clad tot six summers old,  
And left him seated lonely on a form  
Before my desk. He neither wept nor gloom'd;  
But waited silently, with shoeless feet  
Swinging above the floor; in wonder eyed  
The maps upon the walls, the big black board,  
The slates and books and copies, and my own  
Gray hose and clumpy boots; last, fixing gaze  
Upon a monster spider's-web that filled  
One corner of the whitewash'd ceiling, watch'd  
The speckled traitor jump and jink about,  
Till he forgot my unfamiliar eyes,  
Weary and strange and old. "Come here, my bairn!"  
And timid as a lamb he seedled up.  
"What do they call ye?" "Willie," coo'd the wean,  
Up-peeping slyly, scraping with his feet.  
I put my hand upon his yellow hair,  
And cheer'd him kindly. Then I bade him lift  
The small black bell that stands behind the door  
And ring the shouting laddies from their play.  
"Run, Willie!" And he ran, and eyed the bell,  
Stoop'd o'er it, seemed afraid that it would bite,  
Then grasped it firm, and as it jingled gave  
A timid cry—next laughed to hear the sound—  
And ran full merry to the door and rang,  
And rang, and rang, while lights of music lit  
His pallid cheek, till, shouting, panting hard,  
In ran the big rough laddies from their play.

Then rapping sharply on the desk I drove  
The laddies to their seats, and beckon'd up  
The stranger—smiling, bade him seat himself  
And hearken to the rest. Two weary hours  
Buzz-buzz, boom-boom, went on the noise of school,  
While Willie sat and listen'd open-mouth'd;  
Till school was over, and the big and small  
Flew home in flocks. But Willie stayed behind.  
I beckon'd to the mannoch with a smile,  
And took him on my knee and crack'd and talk'd.

First, he was timid; next, grew bashful; next,  
He warm'd and told me stories of his home,  
His father, mother, sisters, brothers, all;  
And how, when strong and big, he meant to buy

A gig to drive his father to the kirk ;  
 And how he longed to be a dominie :  
 Such simple prattle as I plainly see  
 You smile at. But to little children God  
 Has given wisdom and mysterious power  
 Which beat the mathematics. *Quærere*  
*Verum in sylvis Academi*, Sir,  
 Is meet for men who can afford to dwell  
 For ever in a garden, reading books  
 Of morals and the logic. Good and well !  
 Give me such tiny truths as only bloom  
 Like red-tipt gowans at the hallanstone,  
 Or kindle softly, flashing bright at times,  
 In fuffing cottage fires !

The laddie still  
 Was seated on my knee, when at the door  
 We heard a scrape-scape-scaping : Willie prick'd  
 His ears and listen'd, then he clapt his hands—  
 “ Hey ! Donald, Donald, Donald ! ” [See ! the rogue  
 Looks up and blinks his eyes—he knows his name !]  
 “ Hey, Donald, Donald ! ” Willie cried. At that,  
 I saw beneath me, at the door, a Dog—  
 The very collie dozing at your feet,  
 His nose between his paws, his eyes half closed.  
 At sight of Willie, with a joyful bark  
 He leapt and gamboll'd, eyeing me the while  
 In queer suspicion ; and the mannoch peeped  
 Into my face, while patting Donald's back—  
 “ It's Donald ! he has come to take me home ! ”

An old man's tale, a tale for men gray-hair'd,  
 Who wear, thro' second childhood, to the grave !  
 I'll hasten on. Thenceforward Willie came  
 Daily to school, and daily to the door  
 Came Donald trotting ; and they homeward went  
 Together—Willie walking slow but sure,  
 And Donald trotting sagely by his side.  
 [Ay, Donald, he is dead ! be still, old man !]

What link existed, human or divine,  
 Between the tiny tot six summers old,  
 And yonder life of mine upon the hills  
 Among the mists and storms ? 'tis strange, 'tis strange !  
 But when I look'd on Willie's face, it seemed  
 That I had known it in some beauteous life

That I had left behind me in the north.  
This fancy grew and grew, till oft I sat—  
The school buzz-buzzing round me—and would seem  
To be among the mists, the tracks of rain,  
Nearing the hueless silence of the snow.  
Slowly and surely I began to feel  
That I was all alone in all the world,  
And that my mother and my father slept  
Far, far away, in some forgotten kirk—  
Remember'd but in dreams. Alone at nights,  
I read my Bible more and Euclid less.  
For, mind you, like my betters, I had been  
Half scoffer, half believer; on the whole,  
I thought the life beyond a useless dream,  
Best left alone, and shut my eyes to things  
That puzzled mathematics. But at last  
When Willie Baird and I grew friends, and thoughts  
Came to me from beyond my father's grave,  
I found 'twas pleasant late at e'en to read  
My Bible—haply, only just to pick  
Some easy chapter for my pet to learn—  
Yet night by night my soul was guided on  
Like a blind man some angel hand conveys.

I cannot frame in speech the thoughts that filled  
This grey old brow, the feelings dim and warm  
That sooth'd the throbbings of this weary heart!  
But when I placed my hand on Willie's head,  
Warm sunshine tingled from the yellow hair  
Thro' trembling fingers to my blood within;  
And when I looked in Willie's stainless eyes  
I saw the empty ether floating gray  
O'er shadowy mountains murmuring low with winds;  
And often when, in his old-fashion'd way,  
He question'd me, I seemed to hear a voice  
From far away, that mingled with the cries  
Haunting the regions where the round red sun  
Is all alone with God among the snow.

Who made the stars? and if within his hand  
He caught and held one, would his fingers burn?  
If I, the gray-hair'd dominie, was dug  
From out a cabbage garden such as he  
Was found in? if, when bigger, he would wear  
Gray homespun hose and clumsy boots like mine,  
And have a house to dwell in all alone?

Thus would he question, seated on my knee,  
 While Donald (wheesht, old man !) stretched lyart limbs  
 Under my chair, contented. Open-mouth'd  
 He hearken'd to the tales I loved to tell  
 About Sir William Wallace and the Bruce,  
 And the sweet lady on the Scottish throne,  
 Whose crown was colder than a band of ice,  
 Yet seem'd a sunny crown whene'er she smiled ;  
 With many tales of genii, giants, dwarfs,  
 And little folk, that play at jing-a-ring  
 On beds of harebells 'neath the silver morn ;  
 Stories and rhymes and songs of Wonder-land ;  
 How Tammas Ercildoune in Elfland dwelt,  
 How Galloway's mermaid comb'd her golden hair,  
 How Tammas Thumb stuck in the spider's-web,  
 And fought and fought, a needle for his sword,  
 Dying his weapon in the crimson blood  
 Of the foul traitor with the poison'd fangs !

And when we read the Holy Book, the child  
 Would think and think o'er parts he loved the best ;  
 The draught of fish, the Child that sat so wise  
 In the great Temple, Herod's cruel law  
 To slay the weans, or—oftenest of all—  
 The crucifixion of the Good Kind Man  
 Who loved the weans and was a wean himself.  
 He speir'd of death ; and were the sleepers cold  
 Down in the dark wet earth ? and was it God  
 That put the grass and flowers in the kirk-yard ?  
 What kind of dwelling-place was heaven above ?  
 And was it full of flowers ? and were there schools  
 And dominies there ? and was it far away ?  
 Then, with a look that made your eyes grow dim,  
 Claspng his wee white hands round Donald's neck,  
 "Do doggies gang to heaven ?" he would ask ;  
 "Would Donald gang ?" and keek'd in Donald's face,  
 While Donald blink'd with meditative gaze,  
 As if he knew full brawly what we said,  
 And ponder'd o'er it, wiser far than we.  
 But how I answer'd, how explain'd, these things,  
 I know not. Oft I could not speak at all.  
 Yet every question made me think of things  
 Forgotten, puzzled so, and when I strove  
 To reason puzzled me so much the more,  
 That, flinging logic to the winds, I went  
 Straight onward to the mark in Willie's way,

Took most for granted, laid down premises  
 Of Faith, imagined, gave my wit the reins,  
 And oft on nights at e'en, to my surprise,  
 Felt palpably an angel's glowing face  
 Glimmering down upon me, while mine eyes  
 Dimm'd their old orbs with tears that came unbid  
 To bear the glory of the light they saw.

So summer passed. Yon chestnut at the door  
 Scatter'd its burnish'd leaves and made a sound  
 Of wind among its branches. Every day  
 Came Willie, seldom going home again  
 Till near the sunset: wet or dry he came:  
 Oft in the rainy weather carrying  
 A big umbrella, under which he walked—  
 A little fairy in a parachute,  
 Blown hither, thither, at the wind's wild will.  
 Pleased was my heart to see his pallid cheeks  
 Were gathering rosy-posies, that his eyes  
 Were softer and less sad. Then, with a gust,  
 Old Winter tumbled shrieking from the hills,  
 His white hair blowing in the wind.

The house  
 Where Willie's mother lives is scarce a mile  
 From yonder hallan, if you take a cut  
 Before you reach the village, crossing o'er  
 Green meadows till you reach the road again;  
 But he who thither goes along the road  
 Loses a reaper's mile. The summer long  
 Wee Willie came and went across the fields: ■  
 He loved the smell of flowers and grass, the sight  
 Of cows and sheep, the changing stalks of wheat,  
 And he was weak and small. When winter came,  
 Still caring not a straw for wind or rain  
 Came Willie and the collie; till by night  
 Down fell the snow, and fell three nights and days,  
 Then ceased. The ground was white and ankle-deep;  
 The window of the school was threaded o'er  
 With flowers of hueless ice—Frost's unseen hands  
 Prick'd you from head to foot with tingling heat;  
 The shouting urchins, yonder on the green,  
 Played snowballs. In the school a cheery fire  
 Was kindled every day, and every day  
 When Willie came he had the warmest seat,  
 And every day old Donald, punctual, came  
 To join us after labour in the lowe.

Three days and nights the snow had mistily fall'n.  
 It lay long miles along the country-side,  
 White, awful, silent. In the keen cold air  
 There was a hush, a sleepless silentness,  
 And mid it all, upraising eyes, you felt  
 God's breath upon your face; and in your blood,  
 Though you were cold to touch, was flaming fire,  
 Such as within the bowels of the earth  
 Burnt at the bones of ice, and wreath'd them round  
 With grass ungrown.

One day in school I saw,  
 Through threaded window-panes, soft, snowy flakes,  
 Swim with unquiet motion, mistily, slowly,  
 At intervals; but when the boys were gone,  
 And in ran Donald with a dripping nose,  
 The air was clear and gray as glass. An hour  
 Sat Willie, Donald, and myself around  
 The murmuring fire, and then with tender hand  
 I wrapt a comforter round Willie's throat,  
 Button'd his coat around him close and warm,  
 And off he ran with Donald, happy-eyed,  
 And merry, leaving fairy prints of feet  
 Behind him on the snow. I watch'd them fade  
 Round the white curve, and, turning with a sigh,  
 Came in to sort the room and smoke a pipe  
 Before the fire. Here, dreamingly and alone,  
 I sat and smoked, and in the fire saw clear  
 The norland mountains, white and cold with snow,  
 That crumbled silently, and moved, and changed,—  
 When suddenly the air grew sick and dark,  
 And from the distance came a hollow sound,  
 A murmur like the moan of far-off seas.

I started to my feet, look'd out, and knew  
 The winter wind was whistling from the clouds  
 To lash the snow-clothed plain, and to myself  
 I prophesied a storm before the night.  
 Then with an icy pain, an eldritch gleam,  
 I thought of Willie; but I cheer'd my heart,  
 "He's home, and with his mother, long ere this!"  
 While thus I stood the hollow murmur grew  
 Deeper, the wold grew darker, and the snow  
 Rush'd downward, whirling in a shadowy mist.  
 I walked to yonder door and opened it.  
 Whirr! the wind swung it from me with a clang,



And in upon me with an iron-like crash  
 Swoop'd in the drift. With pinch'd sharp face I gazed  
 Out on the storm ! Dark, dark was all ! A mist,  
 A blinding, whirling mist, of chilly snow,  
 The falling and the driven ; for the wind  
 Swept round and round in clouds upon the earth,  
 And birm'd the deathly drift aloft with moans,  
 Till all was swooning darkness. Far above  
 A voice was shrieking, like a human cry.

I closed the door, and turn'd me to the fire,  
 With something on my heart—a load—a sense  
 Of an impending pain. Down the broad lum  
 Came melting flakes that hiss'd upon the coal ;  
 Under my eyelids blew the blinding smoke,  
 And for a time I sat like one bewitch'd,  
 Still as a stone. The lonely room grew dark,  
 The flickering fire threw phantoms of the snow  
 Along the floor and on the walls around.  
 The melancholy ticking of the clock  
 Was like the beating of my heart. But, hush !  
 Above the moaning of the wind I heard  
 A quick scrape-scraping at the door ; my heart  
 Stood still and listened ; and with that there rose  
 An awsome howl, shrill as a dying screech,  
 And scrape-scrape-scrape, the sound beyond the door !  
 I could not think—I could not breathe—a dark,  
 Awful foreboding gript me like a hand,  
 As opening the door I gazed straight out,  
 Saw nothing, till I felt against my knees  
 Something that moved and heard a moaning sound—  
 Then, panting, moaning, o'er the threshold leapt  
 Donald the dog, alone, and white with snow.

Down, Donald ! down, old man ! Sir, look at him !  
 I swear he knows the meaning of thy words,  
 And tho' he cannot speak, his heart is full !  
 See, now ! see, now ! he puts his cold black nose  
 Into my palm and whines ! he knows, he knows !  
 Would speak, and cannot, but he minds that night !

The terror of my heart seem'd choking me :  
 Dumbly I started and wildly at the dog,  
 Who gazed into my face and whined and moan'd,  
 Loup'd at the door, then touched me with his paws,  
 And lastly, gript my coat between his teeth,

And pulled and pulled—whiles growling, whining whiles—  
Till fairly madden'd, in bewilder'd fear,  
I let him drag me through the banging door  
Out to the whirling storm. Bareheaded, wild,  
The wind and snow-drift beating on my face,  
Blowing me hither, thither, with the dog,  
I dashed along the road. What followed seemed  
An eerie, eerie dream! a world of snow,  
A sky of wind, a whirling howling mist  
Which swam around with hundred sickly eyes;  
And Donald dragging, dragging, beaten, bruised,  
Leading me on to something that I feared—  
An awful something, and I knew not what!  
On, on, and further on, and still the snow  
Whirling, the tempest moaning! Then I mind  
Of groping, groping in the shadowy light,  
And Donald by me burrowing with his nose  
And whining. Next a darkness, blank and deep!  
But then I mind of tearing thro' the storm,  
Stumbling and tripping, blind and deaf and dumb,  
And holding to my heart an icy load  
I clutch'd with freezing fingers. Far away—  
It seem'd long miles on miles away—I saw  
A yellow light—unto that light I tore—  
And last, remember opening a door  
And falling, dazzled by a blinding gleam  
Of human faces and a flaming fire,  
And with a crash of voices in my ears  
Fading away into a world of snow.

When I awaken'd to myself, I lay  
In my own bed at home. I started up  
As from an evil dream and look'd around,  
And to my side came one, a neighbour's wife,  
Mother to two young lads I taught in school.  
With hollow, hollow voice I question'd her,  
And soon knew all: how a long night had passed  
Since, with a lifeless laddie in my arms,  
I stumbled horror-stricken, swooning, wild,  
Into a ploughman's cottage: at my side,  
My coat between his teeth, a dog; and how  
Senseless and cold I fell. Thence, when the storm  
Had passed away, they bore me to my home.  
I listen'd dumbly, catching at the sense;  
But when the woman mention'd Willie's name,  
And I was fear'd to phrase the thought that rose,

She saw the question in my tearless eyes  
And told me—he was dead.

'Twould weary you  
To tell the thoughts, the fancies, and the dreams  
That weigh'd upon me, ere I rose in bed,  
But little harm'd, and sent the wife away,  
Rose, slowly drest, took up my staff and went  
To Willie's mother's cottage. As I walked,  
Though all the air was calm and cold and still,  
The blowing wind and dazzled snow were yet  
Around about. I was bewilder'd like !  
Ere I had time to think I found myself  
Beside a truckle bed, and at my side  
A weeping woman. And I clench'd my hands,  
And look'd on Willie, who had gone to sleep.

In death-gown 'white, lay Willie fast asleep,  
His blue eyes closed, his tiny fingers clench'd,  
His lips apart a wee as if he breath'd,  
His yellow hair kaim'd back, and on his face  
A smile—yet not a smile—a dim pale light  
Such as the Snow keeps in its own soft wings.  
Ay, he had gone to sleep, and he was sound !  
And by the bed lay Donald watching still,  
And when I look'd, he whined, but did not move.

I turn'd in silence, with my nails stuck deep  
In my clench'd palms; but in my heart of hearts  
I prayed to God. In Willie's mother's face  
There was a cold and silent bitterness—  
I saw it plain, but saw it in a dream,  
And cared not. So I went my way, as grim  
As one who holds his breath to slay himself.  
What followed that is vague as was the rest :  
A winter day, a landscape hush'd in snow,  
A weary wind, a horrid whiteness borne  
On a man's shoulder, shapes in black, o'er all  
The solemn clanging of an iron bell,  
And lastly me and Donald standing both  
Beside a tiny mound of fresh-heap'd earth,  
And while around the snow began to fall  
Mistily, softly, thro' the icy air,  
Looking at one another, dumb and old.

And Willie's dead !—that's all I comprehend—  
Ay, bonnie Willie Baird has gone before :  
The school, the tempest, and the eerie pain,  
Seem but a dream,—and I am weary like.  
I begged old Donald hard—they gave him me—  
And we have lived together in this house  
Long years with no companions. There's no need  
Of speech between us. Here we dumbly bide,  
But know each other's sorrow,—and we both  
Feel weary. When the nights are long and cold,  
And snow is falling as it falleth now,  
And wintry winds are moaning, here I dream  
Of Willie and the unfamiliar life  
I left behind me on the norland hills !  
“Do doggies gang to heaven ?” Willie asked,  
What learned Solomon of modern days  
Can answer that ? Yet here at nights I sit,  
Reading the Book, with Donald at my side ;  
And stooping, with the Book upon my knee,  
I sometimes gaze in Donald's patient eyes—  
So sad, so human, though he cannot speak—  
And think he knows that Willie is at peace,  
Far far away beyond the norland hills,  
Beyond the silence of the untrodden snow.

---

### Isernia—L'Addio.

---

ON the 9th October we were assembled, as usual, before dawn in the General's ante-room in the Royal Palace of Caserta, sipping our coffee, and awaiting his coming, when a gentleman of some fifty years of age requested to be admitted to his presence. At that moment Garibaldi entered, dressed in his poncho, with his foulard on his shoulders; and the gentleman pouncing on him, began,—“Signor Dictator, I cannot make up my mind to return to Bojano without the asked-for aid.”

“Why, you told me yesterday that you had three thousand patriots armed and ready; surely these will suffice to quell reaction, and hinder it from spreading. A freed country ought to be able to preserve its freedom. You are major of the National Guard of the province—head the three thousand yourself!”

“Without the presence of your soldiers, without the leadership and authority of officers of your suite, and of the bravest of these, I could do nothing with them.”

“Were I to send battalions and officers every time a cry of fear reaches me from the Neapolitan provinces, Xerxes' army would not suffice. Defend yourselves by yourselves, I repeat.”

“Your refusal, Eccellenza, will cost you the territories of Molise and Matese, and very probably, the Abruzzi.”

“Your pertinacity will cost me my patience!”

Thrusting his hat over his eyes, the General cut short the conversation by moving towards the staircase; the gentleman followed, keeping a little behind to the left, stretching out his neck as if to examine the General's profile, and seize the first opportunity of returning to the charge. As we reached the court-yard the General stopped so suddenly that the gentleman found himself a step ahead.

“Get my spy-glass, Basso.”

“I have it, Generale!”

“Grant me a little indulgence,” chimed in the undaunted petitioner. “Place yourself in my position; the welfare of my country makes me importunate. You, who are a patriot *à priori*, can make allowance——”

“I have no time now, at any rate. You may return this evening.”

The gentleman disappeared; and taking the train to Santa Maria, we proceeded in a carriage to Sant Angelo, and on foot climbed the steep mountain side. This was our daily pilgrimage. From the topmost peak of Sant Angelo, Garibaldi, with assiduous care, watched the enemy's movements, and planned the passage across the river in order to fling himself between Capua and Gaeta, divide the Bourbon army, and conquer

it—to-day on the Volturno, to-morrow on the Garigliano. Our appearance on the summit that morning was hailed by a more than usually vigorous salute from howitzers, cannons, and carbines. On the opposite side of the Volturno, which runs at the foot of the mountain, the enemy had planted two howitzers to our left, two rifled cannon in front, and sharpshooters behind the earthworks thrown up along the river. Later in the day a sharp skirmish took place between the outposts inside the Capuan gates, and after a long series of assaults and retreats, which we watched from our pinnacle—whence Garibaldi sent orders and aid—we suddenly saw the enemy in full flight towards the bastions before the red shirts, who followed in hot pursuit, and made their own the line of outposts which the royalists had hitherto occupied. This fact confirmed my hopes of a speedy siege of Capua, as the lines just won rendered the approach less difficult; and in the evening—gathered as usual in our room adjoining the General's—N., M., Z., C. and myself discussed, as a certainty, the long-desired event. In the midst of our conversation entered Colonel P.—his eyes sparkling, his step so jaunty that it was evident he came to announce news pleasant to himself. Now P. was for the time being head of the Staff, and being an ardent partisan of the House of Savoy and restricted liberty, it troubled him exceedingly that men of republican opinions should be near the general, to whom he was sincerely attached, and would fain have cured of his democratic tendencies. Hence C. and myself were perpetual eyesores to him, and consequently came in for more than our due share of night-watches and other disagreeables. He was passionately fond of political discussions, and frequented our circle with praiseworthy constancy in the hopes of making converts to his creed. His ideas were quite original, as he owed nothing to literature. The Italian that he spoke was mixed with Genoese, the syntax was all his own—tenses, genders, and numbers gave him no concern—his orders of the day were orthographical curiosities, his own name being minus one of the *g*'s to which it was entitled. So what with the difference in our politics and the half suspicion that we were always quizzing him, there was such a gulf between us that it was impossible that tidings acceptable to him should be pleasant to us.

We had not much time to speculate, for, in jocund tones, he informed us that the “gentleman of Bojano” had induced the General to grant the aid implored; that Nullo was to head the expedition, composed of two battalions of volunteers and twelve mounted guides, while Captain Z. and myself were to go as aides-de-camp. The snapping of a violin-string, in the midst of a melodious motive, could not have offended the ear more than did this announcement. Capua besieged by our comrades, while we were on the barren crests of the Apennines giving chase to outlawed peasants! A pleasant prospect truly, and still more painful was the separation, for ever so short a time, from Garibaldi. The thorn was ours, the rose was P.'s, who rubbed his hands with glee at the thought of having removed us, even temporarily, from the General's side.



Major C., seated in a corner of the room with Mington, his orderly, friend, comrade, and fellow-citizen, now turned to us, and with affectionate and persuasive words tried to reconcile us to our fate. "Cheer up, lads! what must be, must; you'll be back in time for Capua, take my word for it."

"Bravo, C.!" said Colonel P., who did not seem to have observed him before; "that's good advice, and I'm sure you'll be glad to hear that the General assented to my proposal that you should accompany them!"

C. started as though he had been shot, drew himself bolt upright, then sank back into his chair, and turning his languid eyes on his faithful Achates, murmured,—*"Ciù Mington!"* and Mington—*"Sangue di Signor!"*

The irresistible hilarity produced by this picture was balsam to the wound inflicted on us by P., and in C.'s company, the expedition looked less gloomy. He was a universal favourite, though we did laugh at him unmercifully. A twenty years' conspirator, now an exile, now a prisoner; a soldier in all the wars of Italian independence, member of the Roman Constituent Assembly—he possessed our affection and esteem, but gravity was out of the question; and now, as he rose and slowly advanced towards us with the evident intention of addressing the colonel, we watched open-mouthed. Placing himself right in front of P.—*"Really,"* he began, *"I—can scarcely tell—I don't know whether I make my meaning clear—it is unjust—that is—I go of course—still it seems to me—just for the sake of the thing—suppose you had proposed yourself it seems, if I don't mistake—good occasion to distinguish yourself—discipline of course—Ciù Mington, let's go to bed."* And he left the room, and we followed, our irritation returning with double force as we found ourselves alone.

I found Pietro Bergamo, my orderly, awaiting orders. "Have the horses saddled by six, put my railway rug under the saddle, and hire a good two-horse carriage for the same hour." And so saying, I flung myself on the bed, and slept till dawn, when we started for Maddaloni, where the two battalions were stationed.

Raw recruits, who had never seen fire, their appearance did not offer much chance of a brilliant undertaking. "If I had but half the number of our Lombards," sighed Nullo, as he started them on their march for Bojano.

We followed in the carriage. The Matese and Molise districts on the opposite slopes of the Apennines—which we crossed till we reached Campobasso, and recrossed to gain Bojano—form the ancient country of that warlike and formidable race which humbled Rome in the proudest days of the republic. Laying aside the cares of war, we loosened the reins of our imagination more than once during the journey, which seemed more like an archaeological pilgrimage than a military march. Rubbing up our memories of Livy, Micali, and Niebuhr, we knit together legends and traditions, reconstructed cities, temples, laws, and institutions, and collocated them on the barren and desolate crests of those mountains,

bounded by Campania, Puglia, Lucania, where once two millions of Samnites flourished, and where now scarcely half a million of *cafones*\* drag on a miserable existence. I maintained that, despite their degeneracy, these *cafones* were the direct descendants of the Samnites. Z., just fresh from college, deluged us with erudition to prove the impossibility of my theory. Nullo gravely listened, or interposed some drily comic sentence in Bergamasco; while C., as usual, kept us in a constant roar, and to revenge himself, often turned the laugh on me for what he called my inexhaustible store of "analogous facts."

Arrived at Ponte Landolfo, the tax-gatherer, a warm partisan of the new order of things, welcomed us to his house, and gave us some very clear notions of the actual state of affairs. Isernia, he informed us, was occupied by two thousand royal soldiers and gendarmes; round this nucleus two or three thousand *cafones* had clustered, extending their operations some twenty miles from the centre. Divided into squadrons headed by gendarmes, they kept the mountain and sent emissaries into the remotest village to organize fresh squadrons—who carried on at the same time the culture of their lands. "These," said our host, "are the most formidable; when you come upon them busy with their pickaxes and spades, you would not suspect them of sinister designs; but be on your guard, for at a given signal they will muster by paths unknown save to themselves, and fall upon you in large and well-organized bands. Have you cannon?" "No." "Then you must procure a couple. That alone intimidates them." So much did he insist on this as an absolute necessity, that Nullo ordered me to return to Caserta and ask Garibaldi for the cannon. Convinced of the futility of such a request, I obeyed, went, argued, pleaded, demonstrated the necessity, and returned without the cannon.

At Bojano, a town twenty miles from Isernia, instead of the three thousand armed patriots promised by the "gentleman" whom we had caught in the act of escaping to Naples, and had forced to precede us, with great difficulty we mustered thirty of the National Guard. Even these he refused to lead, alleging that "it was below the dignity of a major to assume the command of thirty men." On the morrow we proceeded towards Isernia, unearthed a band of *cafones* who had entrenched themselves in Cantalupo, and at two P.M. reached Castel-Petroso, a village perched on the summit of the mountain, which we found literally deserted. Major C., mindful of the tax-gatherer's warning, proposed that we should halt. "No," said Nullo; "we will go on to Pettorano, that village on the crest of that cone-like mountain yonder, which is but two miles from Isernia. I hear that Scott is marching from Capua with four thousand men; we must fling ourselves on the enemy before their reinforcements reach them. Bojano forms our natural basis of operations. If they menace

---

\* *Cafone*, as our coachman informed us, is the name given to the tillers of the soil; *galantuomini*, to the proprietors.

our flank we can transport it thence to Castel di Sangro, and form the Piedmontese vanguard; if attacked on our front with irresistible force, we can still return to Bojano, making a stand at Castel-Petroso."

After a short discussion, this go-ahead doctrine of course prevailed, and we went on to a little inn at the foot of the mountain of Pettorano. Here I gave my horse an ample feed of corn, with a sort of presentiment that I should stand in need of his best services. At four P.M. we entered Pettorano. From Cantalupo to Pettorano runs a steep Alpine gorge, some thirteen miles in length, convergent as far as Castel-Petroso, where it is crossed by the highroad; then running parallel on one side to Pettorano, on the other to Carpinone. Here it widens into the valley where Isernia is situate, overlooked by the mountain of Pettorano, on which we stood, on one side, and on the other by Carpinone. Sending Major C. back to the inn with sixty men, giving half a battalion to Z., with which to man the heights of Carpinone, Nullo ordered me to range 600 on the hills of Pettorano, which extends one of its spurs towards Isernia. This done, I threw out half a company across the gorge to keep open the communications between myself and Z. At half-past four, the evening's manoeuvres from Isernia commenced. A battalion of gendarmes marched along the highroad and the lateral fields, accompanied by half a squadron of cavalry and a flock of cafones.

In order to animate our men, Nullo bid me collect the guides and our orderlies. We were eighteen in all. Descending from Pettorano, we were joined by Major C. and Mingon, and galloped towards the enemy along the highroad. Our soldiers posted at Carpinone clapped their hands, and cries of enthusiasm echoed by those at Pettorano rent the air as we dashed into the midst of the royalists, who gave way in disorder. "Turn back! turn back! Cafones on the mountain!" suddenly shouted our men from Carpinone; but we continued to charge, when we were greeted on our flank by a volley of musketry from the farthest slope of Pettorano, where I had posted 200 men. Nullo was at a loss to understand how that important position had been taken without a struggle, and fearing to lose Pettorano, decided on returning to the town. Meanwhile, a sharp conflict raged between our horsemen and the cafones, who, hidden behind the trees, peppered us at a few paces' distance. Ensign Bettoni, wounded in the leg, was carried back to our little ambulance at the inn, while we, spurring our horses up the olive slopes, fell on the cafones with swords and revolvers, and, with the assistance of some of the soldiers, who descended from Carpinone, and the half company thrown across the gorge, succeeded in routing them. Nullo, leaving me with these to pursue them, returned with the major and the guides to Pettorano, bidding me act as circumstances should dictate. With 150 soldiers I pursued the fugitives: the repulse of the gendarmes, our daring charge, the retreat of the cafones, and our hot pursuit, had disorganized the enemy's ranks. Yet twice they faced about, and attempted to make a stand, but our men repulsed them at the point of the bayonet, and succeeded in detaching a portion

from the main body, who, by the highroad, gained Isernia. I was tempted to enter with them, but, uncertain as to the spirit of the inhabitants, and unwilling to put my men to too severe a test, I decided on taking possession of the line of hills which bounds the plains and overhangs Isernia. On my right the highroad branching leads here to Isernia, there to Castel di Sangro; and I felt satisfied with my decision, because, having cleared it of the enemy, I had rendered it possible for Nullo to carry out his idea of changing his base of operations if necessary.

Evening was now drawing nigh, and I had received no further instructions from Nullo—so leaving a captain in command, I resolved to ride back and acquaint him with the position of affairs. A continued crash of musketry from Pettorano disturbed my ride, but I concluded that our recruits were, as usual, wasting their powder and shot; and gaining the road, I met, about a mile from the inn, a squadron of our men and some provision waggons. They seemed disorganized and confused, and insisted that we were beaten by the royalists. I reassured them by asserting that it was we who had repulsed the enemy, and that the day was ours. Just where the road, after winding from the base of Pettorano to the left and crossing the gorge, winds to the right at the foot of Carpinone, and thence keeps straight on to Castel-Petroso, groans as of dying men met my ear, and by the light of the stars I could distinguish some dark masses on the white stony road. Dismounting, I found a heap of dead and dying, who I concluded must have fallen in our recent combat. I knelt by the sufferers, promised to send succour and transports, but for all answer the death-rattle sounded in my ear. Continuing my ride, similar sights recurring, I began to think that some fresh and terrible conflict must have taken place while I had been leading the van towards Isernia. Burning with anxiety I reached the inn, knocked, shouted, entered, ran from room to room: the place was deserted. "So!" I thought, "the host has fled, and all our people must be in Pettorano; but it's strange that they have not left a picket nor even a sentinel on guard." Then I recrossed the road, and commenced the ascent towards Pettorano, chasing away the gloomy thoughts which were gathering. Half-way up the hill I met a shepherd with his flock, just returning from the adjacent pastures, who to all my inquiries returned a sullen "I know nothing," and turned on his heel. Hastening on with increasing anxiety, a peasant descending crossed my path, and cocking my revolver, I asked,—

"Are you from Pettorano?"

"Sissignore."

"Are our Garibaldians, the red shirts, there?"

"No."

"No? Tell me the truth, or I'll send a bullet down your throat."

"Signore, the village is full of the soldiers and gendarmes of King Francesco, who are eating and drinking merrily."

"But where are the Garibaldians?"

"Surrounded and defeated by the soldiers and inhabitants; an hour

before dark the horsemen retreated by the main road in the direction of Bojano, and the foot soldiers took to the mountains."

These words, coupled with the absence of instructions from Nullo—the dead and dying left on the road, the musketry heard, the deserted inn—confirmed my worst fears; still I continued,—“Where are the cafones?”

“Encamped on the mountains along the road between Pettorano and Castel-Petroso.”

“How many?”

“I don't know their precise numbers; but from two to three thousand, certainly.”

“You are deceiving me. I shall have to kill you. Precede me to Pettorano.”

“Stop!” cried the man. “I assure you I have told the truth, and that you are going to certain death. Had I wished to deceive you, I should say let us go.”

“Go yourself, then, and verify, and swear to me on the host to return and tell the truth; then I will give you two crowns.”

He swore and went, and in about twenty minutes returned to confirm the terrible story. Giving him the two crowns, I shook his hand and thanked him, marvelling at my luck in having fallen in with an honest cafone. He counselled me to abandon my horse, and follow the mountain paths to Bojano; but anxious only for the soldiers confided to me, I rode back towards Isernia. At no great distance I met them terrified, disorganized, diminished. They informed me that shortly after my departure an overwhelming force had appeared, driving them from the hills, and pursuing them for nearly two miles. Vainly I endeavoured to induce them to accompany me; natives of Malise and Matese, they knew the mountain paths towards Bojano, and I alone pursued the highroad. A damp, foul miasma rose from the marshes in the gorge; and as I had been suffering from malignant fever since September, I took the precaution to take my railway rug from under the saddle, and use it as a cloak. A mile farther on, I saw a huge black mass, resembling a barricade, but as it moved, I concluded it must be a detachment of the enemy. Presently I heard the “*Chi va là?*” and replying, “*Viva l'Italia!*” spurred my horse into a gallop. “Halt, halt, we are friends!” and I came up with some of our own disbanded troops; while from a ledge some six feet above the road a cry of, “Ah, Signor Padrone! Padrone mio!” was accompanied by the descent of a horse and rider—which feat, strange to say, was accomplished without any broken bones. Clinging to me, with a voice broken by emotion, Pietro, my orderly, (for it was he), could only exclaim, “Signor Alberto, my master, alive! Ah, now I am happy!”

Allowing them to indulge in their favourite habit of speaking all at once, I presently induced them to talk one at a time. Some of them, it seems, had been on the heights of Pettorano, some at the inn: Pietro had remained with the staff. While the gendarmes and cafones were

marching from Isernia on our front in a semicircle—the left wing touching the mountain of Carpinone, the right resting on the slopes of Pettorano, the centre figuring in second line—it seems that a second corps of gendarmes, issuing from the opposite gate of Isernia, had, by secret paths, gained Pettorano, and were sustained in their entrance by the right wing of the first corps. The position was easily taken during our cavalry charge, for the raw troops, between two fires, and in the absence of officers who would have kept them to their duty, fled precipitately. They were unable to descend to the main road and join their comrades, because three thousand cafones—who had gathered from the farther slopes of the double line of mountains—occupied the space between them. Hence the disorderly band, menaced on every side, had scrambled up to a crag in the faint hope of gaining a place of safety. Meanwhile Nullo and his suite were returning to Pettorano, but on reaching the inn had found it occupied by a strong band of gendarmes and cafones, who from the windows and garden shot at them with murderous effect. The sixty ousted from the inn had fought valiantly to open out for themselves a path, but failing, sought to join the men still encamped at Carpinone. Nullo, Major C., and six guides, left alone, spurred their horses into the enemy's midst, and by dint of superhuman efforts made themselves a passage; but farther on they had come upon the three thousand cafones, and no one knew what their fate had been. Pietro, separated from them in the fray, had led his horse up the mountain side, and over bluffs and crags had managed to reach the spot where I found him. The horror of our position did not consist in the prospect of almost certain death, but in the mode thereof: for the cafones gave no quarter, and whoever fell into their hands, even if wounded, was slowly tortured to death.

During the recital I had weighed probabilities and taken my resolve. "Surrounded as we are," I began, "by an enemy who outnumbers us a hundred times, surrender is useless, as surrender means torture and death: moreover, Garibaldians never surrender. We are lost, but it remains to us to suffer with honour or with infamy. The enemy by this time has gained Castel-Petroso, where he will await the fugitive remnants of our legion to slaughter them at dawn. This desperate state of affairs ought at least to inspire us with the courage of despair. I propose that we force our passage to Castel-Petroso with the bayonet. I will head the column. United and resolute, some of us may come out alive. The path of honour is also the only chance of safety. *Avanti!*"

Warmed by my speech, they fell into their ranks and followed me, though somewhat slowly; and after a short march, we came on a carriage upset by the roadside. It was the one I had hired at Caserta. The coachman was writhing in the agonies of death; and at a little distance were several corpses completely stripped. We struck a light, and recognized Bettoni, of Cremona, wounded in the morning; Lavagnolo, of Udina; both guides; one of the major's orderlies, and several others whom I did not know—all hacked to pieces with cold steel.



This sad spectacle had a most disanimating effect on our little band; still they kept on: I exhausting my eloquence, and Pietro occasionally assisting me with the butt-end of his musket. As we neared Castel-Petroso we could see lights in the windows. Built near the summit of the mountain, it is a long winding town, with the highroad running through. And here two thousand cafones were entrenched. At a sudden turn in the ascent we were greeted by a shower of stones. My men halted, while I replied to the enemy's "*Chi va là?*" "*Viva Garibaldi!*," which answer was hailed by a musket-shot, that served as a summons to the entire band. "*Avanti per l'Italia!*" I shouted, placing myself at the head of the column; but a fresh hailstorm made them halt, a gunshot dispersed them, and Pietro and I were left alone.

"Are you coming, Pietro?"

"I am here, Padrone." And with a mental adieu to my wife, I spurred my horse into a gallop.

The enemy, lining the mountain ridge that overhangs the town from end to end, awaited us with pointed guns. A volley of shots greeted our entrance, and on turning round a shower of balls fell close to us. Pietro, who rode at my left, thought proper to wheel to my right, and, in effecting this manœuvre, knocked my foot out of the stirrup; nor did he better his own condition, as the balls now whistled on all sides, and one continued jet of burning cartridges flew across us. In addition to the constant turnings, a steep descent compelled us to slacken our pace, and gave the enemy a better chance. Ever impatient of fire, my horse, probably penetrated with the gravity of the situation, had put on his considering cap, and flew onward swift as an arrow. Pietro kept his sword unsheathed, I my revolver at full-cock, in case of a direct assault on the road; while with the hand that held the reins I grasped my railway rug, balancing it on the horse's neck, as though the possibility of fever even then had a greater hold upon my imagination than the almost certainty of instant death. The cafones, enraged at their failure, redoubled their efforts, accompanying their shots with diabolic shouts; and I distinctly heard women's voices.

Towards the end of the town the road opens out into a semicircle, then winds up another mountain, and here the fire slackened. A dead horse encumbered the path. Pietro passed without difficulty, but my more sensitive steed drew back, shied, and reared. The enemy rushed after us, and thundered away madly. At last the logic of spurs overcame the sentimentality of the ill-advised beast, who bounded over the carcass, thus saving my life and his own, and by degrees we out-distanced our assailants.

"Per Dio!" exclaimed Pietro, "I shouldn't have performed that feat save by your side, Padrone."

We lit our cigars, still on the look-out: the thought of our own safety embittered by the remembrance of our murdered comrades, our ignorance of the fate of the remainder, and the certainty of defeat—an experience as new to us as it was bitter.

We reached Bojano after midnight, and dismounting at the house of the

"gentleman," found him in bed, as pale as a corpse, in momentary expectation of a cafonic invasion. "Where are our officers?" I exclaimed. He pointed to a door—which I entered, and found Nullo and Sottocasa snugly in bed. We regarded each other as apparitions. The major had just gone to Campobasso to telegraph to the Dictator; of Z. nothing was known; half of the guides had perished, and but a slender portion of the column had as yet reached Bojano. "An hour before sunset," continued Nullo, "surrounded on all sides, we fought our way through our assailants in front of the inn, kept the highroad, under a rattling fire ten paces from us, for five consecutive miles, trampling under our horses' hoofs and wounding all who attempted to cross our path. The infamous assassins cut to pieces Bettoni, Lavagnolo, and one or two others of our wounded, together with C.'s orderly (not Mignon), who accompanied them in the ambulance carriage."

"We came upon them stripped and left upon the road."

"Mori," he went on, "had his horse killed under him, and just as he was seizing another by the tail he was hewn down and stoned to death. Our little band fought calmly and bravely; but so fearful were the odds that even now it seems fabulous that any should have escaped."

"I wonder," said I, "that the cunning boors did not barricade the streets; I expect that we owe our safety to this omission, and to their eagerness to kill only the riders, and spare the horses; also because the rapidity of our course hindered them from taking proper aim."

"They killed my horse at any rate," said Sottocasa—"just outside Castel-Petroso—and I fell with my leg under his belly. There I lay for some time, watching the cafones come and go, kill the fallen, and lie in ambush for fresh victims. At last the poor beast rolled over in his death-struggles, and I dragged out my bruised and benumbed limbs, and crawled to the edge of the valley, and then on here."

It was now my turn to recount my adventures, and we could not resist a laugh over my imaginary despatch to Nullo,—"*The enemy repulsed to Isernia, the heights occupied by our men, the road open to Castel di Sangro.*"

At two A.M. we bade each other good-night. After fasting sixteen hours in the saddle, we needed no rocking. I fell asleep on the sofa in the act of undressing, and in the morning found one leg still booted and trowsered. During the night fresh arrivals, and at noon, to our great joy, Captain Z. made his appearance. Taking fifty men, the remnants of the half battalion with which he had garrisoned Carpinone, he had attempted to join the staff during their conflict in front of the inn. Failing in this, he fought his way up to an inaccessible peak; and during the night, by dint of skilful evolutions and repeated skirmishes, through woods and valleys, rocks and mountain crests, succeeded in guiding about two-thirds in safety to Bojano.

At two P.M. Nullo reviewed his shrunken battalions: two hundred were missing at the roll-call, and six of the fourteen officers detached from the Dictator's Staff.

\*     \*     \*     \*     \*

"Why are you all sitting so far off?" said the Dictator to N., M., Z., C. and myself, seated at the bottom of the dinner-table at Caserta the day after our return from the unsuccessful expedition to Isernia. Disgusted with the fulsome importunity of certain officers in scrambling for the places near him, we invariably chose the farthest; but now, at his invitation, we moved up. "Come, I want to hear all about Isernia," he continued. And knowing him to be impatient of long speeches, I told the story in the fewest possible words, C. helping me out by his original way of showing up the comic parts of the tragedy. The general had, as a matter of course, received a regular report from Nullo, the chief of the expedition; but he chose to take that opportunity of showing that he was satisfied with our conduct, vanquished though we were.

"It was thus the Roman Senate went to meet Varrone defeated at Cannæ, and congratulate him on not despairing of the republic," I said.

"An analogous fact," whispered C.

"Your ill-fortune," observed Marquis T., "has been atoned for by the victor of Macerone, whom our General, in his late proclamation, bid us welcome as a brother."

"Let us hope that he won't turn out to be Abel's brother," I rejoined.

"There's your unfailing spice of republican spite."

"That's as it may be; but you can't deny that this way of entering your house without knocking at the door, coupled with the manifesto of the King of Piedmont to the people of the Two Sicilies, is an insult to the Dictator and to the populations freed by him. The King admits that he has neither been summoned by the one nor the other, but simply by a few municipalities and aristocrats, to restore order."

"Farini wrote the manifesto," said Garibaldi, rising to put an end to the discussion, which was growing warm; "and the King, in good faith, must have signed without reading it."

On the following morning an aide-de-camp informed Garibaldi that Bixio's division awaited him in the palace court-yard. He descended, and we followed to listen to the report of the doings of that valorous division in the decisive battle of the 1st October. Drawn up in battalions, they covered half of the immense cortile; Garibaldi and Bixio, with their respective staff, forming a fine group in the front. I was ordered to read the report, but my voice could not be heard beyond the second battalion: so the stentorian lungs of a brother officer were called in requisition. At first we listened with little interest to the usual accounts of special deeds of valour commented on and praised; but when the page was turned, and we heard the names of five officers branded as cowards, we were seized with painful stupor. But three of the five were present, and these were ordered to the front. It seemed to me that the physical action of the thousand eyes bent on them must petrify and root them to the spot; and as they came up, all in the prime of youth, my knees trembled and my heart beat with such violence that I was forced to lean upon my sword. Knowledge of the weakness of human nature, the belief that a sudden panic may

assail even a brave man, the solemnity of the punishment, the inflexible severity of Garibaldi's face and bearing, filled me with anguish and pity. Better to die a thousand deaths than live to hear Garibaldi's lips pronounce the words, *You are a coward*. Yet the punishment was as necessary as it was terrible. Absolute silence reigned for a few seconds as the three culprits stood before him and the awestruck battalions. Then turning from them with a lightning flash of scorn, he said to the marquis, "Take away their swords," and to Nullo, "Strip them of the emblems of their rank." T. disarmed them, while Nullo flung the torn silver bands to the ground. And the trio stood motionless, while Garibaldi, inspired by the situation, harangued the entire division with antique eloquence. Then turning to the three petrifications, his hand uplifted as though invoking curses on their heads, he said, "For you, nothing is left but to beg for a musket and get killed in the foremost ranks." On the morrow their names, dishonoured for ever, were published in the official gazette.

The sensations left by that painful scene lasted for days—prolonged as they were by a repetition, with less imposing forms, in the Dictator's apartment, whence he expelled several officers who had fled from Caserta at the sudden irruption of the Bourbon column which we had separated from the main body in Caserta Vecchia, on the 2nd October.

On the evening of the 25th, Colonel P. said to me:—"At dawn we cross the Volturno. You will hold yourself at my disposition."

"Detached from Garibaldi?"

"Detached from Garibaldi," he repeated, with evident gusto, knowing how unpalatable were his words.

The night was pitch-dark, and it was with the utmost difficulty that, scrambling through the vineyards where the Milan and Eber's brigades bivouacked, I succeeded in grouping them according to P.'s instructions, and guided the former up to the column commanded by Pietro Balsami. He then bid me return, and guide Eber to the opposite bank of the Volturno.

"You had better keep to the road," I said, at parting; "the dykes are deep and treacherous."

"I know the ground," he answered, and kept his path along the fields.

I returned to Eber, and with ordered arms we waited till dawn for the passage of Bixio's division, which was to cross before us. Worn out with fatigue I fell asleep in the saddle, and would have given a Peru for six feet of earth on which to lie. I dozed, nodded, and woke with a start, only to nod and doze off again; and finally, not awakening in time, found myself rolling in the dust. During that campaign I had, like most of my comrades, been scorched by the Calabrian sun during the day, frozen by night on the summit of the Apennines, famished, athirst, and exhausted by marches; but I came to the conclusion that of all physical privations want of sleep is the most intolerable. The salutary fall awakened me thoroughly, and I was shaking off the dust when my wife appeared on the road, accompanying a litter.

"A patient already?" I asked.

"Yes; Colonel P."

"Colonel P.!" I cried; "why, what has happened?" And hastening to the litter I had great difficulty in recognizing in the inanimate mass, the torn and swollen face, the form and features of the unfortunate head of the Staff, and I felt smitten with remorse at having tormented him so often.

"He was crossing the fields," answered my wife, "and fell into a deep ditch hidden by brambles. There seems little hope of saving him. We are sending him back to the hospital of Santa Maria. I suppose the Dictator expects a battle; he has given such unusually precise orders for the general ambulance to cross the Volturno."

"A bad omen," thought I, "for the so-long-desired passage of the river. Let us hope that the Garibaldian army will not fall into the bramble-hidden pit dug for it by the pioneers of the Sardinian king."

On either side of the Volturno the country is furrowed by dyke-like roads, which wind like arteries through the plain, and centering in Capua, had greatly facilitated the enemy's movements. It was precisely by one of these arteries that a band of royalists, escaping the notice of Medici's division, gained the summit of Mount Angelo on the 1st October, and made a formidable attack on Garibaldi's rear while he was engaged with another column in front. Any other captain would have been taken prisoner, and the bare possibility paled the cheeks of his soldiers; but their fears were soon calmed by the General himself, who, turning on them his reassuring smile, said quietly, "Those men are our prisoners." By a flank movement, assisted by the preconcerted arrival of one of Sacchi's brigades from San Leuccio, he compelled the rash band to recede farther and farther from their own lines, and on the morrow to lay down their arms.

When it came to our turn to take our place in the general march, I, in my quality of guide and staff officer, rode at the left of Brigadier E., and the first question he put to me was—

"Where is the bridge?"

"The bridge!" thought I to myself; "yes, there must be a bridge—but where?" The rear of Bixio's division was already out of sight, for the road which we were ascending, winding round the base of St. Angelo, shut out the view of the tract of country lying below, and no one had ever told me that there was a bridge—much less where. Either I must confess my ignorance, and submit to become ridiculous in my double quality of staff captain and guide, or I must make a guess. And if, after all, there were no bridge? I must pass for an ignoramus, or a liar. Neither one nor the other, suggested my master, Lord Bacon. Induction will help me out of this mess. The river is crossed: therefore a bridge there must be. On yonder bank there is no sign of the enemy; on this side, as far as eye can reach, no trace of our army: therefore the bridge must be situated precisely where the mountain hides the banks. These reflections made in the twinkling of an eye, I replied, pointing downwards—

"The bridge is there!"

After this Baconic affirmation, I felt more dead than alive; but in less than ten minutes the road descending brought us in sight of the bridge—at which I, like the wise men when they saw the star, rejoiced with exceeding great joy. The bridge—planned by Colonel B., a Frenchman—had been built by the soldiers of the British legion, over boats of unequal height, so that it presented an irregular surface; while the ill-joined planks shook under the horses' hoofs and the men's feet. Only a yard wide, we were forced to cross it in single file, and it seemed as if each wave would carry it away entirely, so piteously did it shake and creak. Two boats quietly floated from under it, and presently the end planks gave way—so that B.'s engineering skill was in constant requisition throughout the day; while the long lank structure itself provoked the mirth of the whole army. As we reached the opposite bank, my mission completed, I spurred on my horse to rejoin the General, who was some miles ahead of us. The enemy, garrisoning Capua with 10,000 men, had retreated on the Garigliano. A general belief prevailed that in the intervening plain the final battle was to be given by the Northern and Southern armies united, that Garibaldi and the King were to meet on the field, and that the former was to present the latter with the crown of the Two Sicilies. Such was the poetic programme of the day; but in general our soldiers, eager to measure their strength with that of the regular army, cared little for the dramatic meeting of the two personages.

We were proceeding slowly along the narrow embankment, crowded with troops who were wild with joy from having at length set foot on the so-long-contested shore, when we were told that General Bixio, thrown from his horse, had broken his leg; and as we reached a point where three roads met, we found him seated on the ground, his head bandaged, his face swollen and bloody, while a surgeon was setting his broken leg. Game to the backbone, he was assisting the doctor with the most perfect sangfroid—his only lament being that the accident would prevent his fighting—and cautioning the bystanders to conceal his state from his wife. It appeared that, Garibaldi having ordered the arrest of a priest suspected as a spy, Bixio, unmindful of his rank, dashed after the fugitive; and turning from the embankment into a narrow paved path, his horse, impetuous as its rider, had slipped, and falling on its flank, Bixio keeping in the saddle, had dashed his head against the wall and broken his leg in the stirrup. This disaster was the priest's salvation: it was the second accident of the day. Later, a Genoese sharpshooter killed his comrade accidentally, and two of the English legion were seriously wounded by the accidental discharge of a gun.

"A day of ill omen even for the unprejudiced," said I to C., who rode by my side. "'If the fowls won't eat they may drink,' was Appio Pulcro's reply, causing the abstemious birds to be thrown into the sea; and despite the predictions of the augur he gave battle to the Carthaginians, and was defeated. You laugh, mio caro" (C. was already on the broad grin at the 'analogous fact')," but both Livy and Macchiavelli blame



the Roman consul; and if we don't give heed to the evil prognostications of to-day, and return to our encampment on the other side of the Volturno—if we insist on the fowls drinking since they won't eat—we shall lose the battle with the Sardinian king."

"With the Bourbon, you mean."

"No, no! With the Sardinian king, who comes to combat us."

"With carnal weapons?"

"With political weapons first, and with carnal ones if these fail. We are now about to sign our act of abdication, and it is too soon for Italian liberty, and will prove a serious obstacle to the triumph of Italian democracy."

We were skirting one of the chains of mountains, with the river to our left, while to our right stretched the plain, commanded by Capua, designated as the theatre of the final battle. The Dictator ordered me to ascend to the summit of the mountain, to ascertain whether any traces of the enemy were visible in the surrounding valleys. Many such precautions did he take during the day. Cautious as ever, he did not seem inspired with his usual daring. It was not our Garibaldi of Palermo and the Volturno, but Garibaldi the King's lieutenant; he was executing, not creating—a sketch that was not his own.

Accompanied by a Hungarian captain and four of his soldiers, we rode along the mountain summits, from crest to crest, parallel with the march of our army, but could descry neither friend nor foe; no traces of human habitation gladdened us even in the valleys. It was past noon, and we had not broken our fast; the long ride, the rarefied air sharpened our appetites. As yet the Hungarians and I, ignorant of each other's language, had not exchanged a syllable—when suddenly, at the sight of a monastery at the bend of a hill, I broke the tedious silence, exclaiming, "Elien, Lajos Kossuth!" and at the sound of their native tongue and the name of Kossuth, my mute and famished companions gratefully echoed, "Elien." I must confess that an *evviva* to Kossuth did not form part of my programme, but these were the only words I knew of Hungarian. Then, remembering that the Magyar captain, in his quality of gentleman, was sure to know Latin, I pointed to the monastery, and said, in Macaronic phrase: "*Monaci illi censeo dabunt nobis panem, caseum vinumque*"—and he—"Bonum! *fames nostra est magna.*" I consoled myself that in point of Latinity the Magyar and myself were on a par. We found ten monks at dinner; they welcomed us cordially, and made us take their places; helped us to smoking boiled beef, chestnuts and wine, and ordered a generous feed of corn for our horses. When the first cravings of hunger were appeased, and the wine had warmed our cheeks and ears, we began to talk at random on theology, monks, and nuns; the jolly friars did not seem at all scandalized at my heterodox opinions, but joined in the jokes, and laughed at the allusions to their equivocal life.

"I feel sorry for you," I said to the prior, "but your *ripaille* will soon come to an end."

"Indeed!" exclaimed a young monk, his eyes sparkling with joy; but

the prior cut him short by sending him to his cell ; then turning uneasily to me, he asked—"Has the Dictator issued any decree concerning us ? No ? Well, then, we have nothing to fear, for what Garibaldi, who abhors priests and friars, has not done, will certainly not be effected by the scion of the pious house of Savoy, who is about to take possession of the realm."

To the evident truth spoken by the prior, there was no reply, and taking leave of each other at the convent gates, we parted good friends.

The rest of the day was spent in assiduous peregrinations with the General to study the ground, reconnoitre the enemy's movements, and guess at his intentions. From the lateral path winding round the hills we pushed our explorations along the military road that leads from Capua to Gaeta, up to the ramparts of the former city.

In the evening we pitched our tent round a straw-rick. Our horses were worn out, and not a drop of water could we find. Up rose the General, saying, "We must go in search ;" and following his example, we each led our horse by the bridle, and staggering through the darkness, over uneven roads, sought vainly for the coveted stream. After going backwards and forwards for some time, I said to Nullo, "I see plainly that without Moses' rod our horses will pass the night athirst."

"Moses is there," he answered, pointing to Garibaldi, "and he will find the rod."

A little farther on, at the foot of a steep ravine, we found a muddy pool, and here the poor beasts slaked their thirst. Returning to the straw-rick, I shook down the best bed I could under the circumstances, and had just lain down, when my wife arrived, thoroughly exhausted with the sixteen miles on foot, which, after recrossing the Volturno with the wounded Bixio, she had made to join us ; so my shakedown was transformed into a nuptial couch. Garibaldi, stretched at full length near us, was questioning the quartermaster-general about the supplies, concerning which he did not seem best pleased.

"And the British legion," he asked, "are they provided ?"

"I sent my best purveyor to Colonel P.," replied A., "but he dismissed him, saying that he preferred retaining his independence."

"Then let them live on their independence."

"P.'s legionaries live by the chase ; they have already killed more than a hundred pigs."

"Wild boars, you mean ?"

"No, Generale ; I mean pigs taken from the peasants, who clamour in their own noisy fashion for payment."

"And paid they must be," were the last words I heard as I fell asleep. But war is not peace, and in less than an hour the General's voice, calling me by name, with the aid of my wife's elbow, made me start to my feet, and by sheer force of habit reply, "I am at your service, General !"

"Saddle your horse, and go in search of the Milan brigade, which is missing, and station it on our left."

Envying my sleeping comrades, I mounted, and the intense cold soon

bringing me to my senses, I began to think where the missing brigade could be, and when found, where I was to station it? A staff officer ought certainly to know which was the left of head-quarters, but I did not; nor do I think any of my fellow-officers were wiser, since the General's habit of keeping his own counsel reduced his staff to mere orderlies. Substituting hypothesis for knowledge, and remembering that the military road from Capua to Gaeta had been the objective point of our manœuvres during the day, it seemed rational to suppose that we were encamped parallel to it and to the mountain line, and presuming our head-quarters to be in the centre, the left must of necessity be in the direction of the town of Pignattoni, towards the Volturno. Having thus constructed the order of battle in my head, as best I could, I galloped on, now across fields, now along the road, trusting more to my horse's discernment than to my own, so pitch-dark was the night. Not that I regretted the obscurity, for I thought it just as likely that I should fall in with a Bourbon patrol as with our own men. And when at length the clattering of horses' hoofs became audible, I stood still, and awaited the new comers with revolver at full cock, greeting them as they approached with a *Chi va là?* They gave the pass-word, and I rode up to them. It was the Milan brigade, and guiding them to the appointed spot, I went to inform the General. Fortunately, I had stumbled on the veritable left, and, perhaps by way of recompence, he gave me a piece of roast lamb; but sleep was more imperious than hunger, so putting the lamb in my pocket, I sank down at once on my bed.

Alas! my slumbers were again disturbed by loud voices and the rustling of straw close to my head.

"That's one of my delectable countrymen," said my wife; "a certain L. J. come here to collect materials for a lecture. He has been clamouring for a ladder; what he can want it for he only knows."

In the morning our curiosity was satisfied. John Bull, unable to find ease on a shakedown good enough for the Dictator and his Staff, had climbed up to the flat top of the straw-rick, and pulled the ladder up after him lest any one else should be tempted to share his couch.

At dawn I was ordered to move the Genoese sharpshooters to the van, and see them in march along the road to Teano. Arrived at a spot where a branch road leads off to the right, I let the troops proceed, and halting with Nullo in an old tumble-down house, we fraternally shared the roast lamb which had greased my pockets. Soon a company of Piedmontese lancers came up, and then we knew that the King was approaching. Nullo had visited him during the night, the bearer of a despatch from the General; his Majesty, descending from his bed, received him in dressing-gown, slippers, and nightcap.

Crossing the fields, where the foundations of a railroad had been dug, we halted at a hut where three roads met, to await Garibaldi. Coming from Venafrò, the Northern army defiled towards Teano, and the band of each regiment, detaching itself from the front, took up a flank position, to enliven their passage with the usual martial music, and then file in at the

rear. The point of intersection of the two roads was sufficiently ample; a rustic cottage and a few poplars ornamented it. Ploughed fields, trees at rare intervals, and faded autumn vines, studded the tedious plains. Garibaldi did not tarry long, and dismounting, he stood gazing with evident satisfaction on the troops. The Army General Della Rocca advanced courteously. A few officers greeted him with beaming faces; but the greater part passed on with the prescribed salute, unconscious of, or indifferent to the presence of the Liberator of the Two Sicilies. Indeed an impartial observer of the respective physiognomies would have taken them for the liberators and him for the liberated. Presently the drums beat, and the musicians struck up the royal march.

"It is the King," said General Della Rocca. "The King! the King!" burst from every lip. A group of carabinieri on horse, forming the body-guard, armed with swords, handcuffs, and thumb-screws, announced the presence of the Sardinian monarch. The King, in general's uniform, rode a piebald Arab, and behind him came a long train of generals, chamberlains, and orderlies: Fanti the Minister of War, and Farini viceroy of Naples *in pectore*: who was wrapped in and embarrassed by a large military tunic. All were alike adverse to Garibaldi—to this plebeian donor of a realm. The Dictator's appearance was singular that morning. Under his little pork-pie hat he had tied his foulard, to protect his ears from the morning dew—so that when he lifted his hat to the King the handkerchief remained knotted under his chin. The King held out his hand, saying,—“Ah! addio, caro Garibaldi; come state?”

“Bene, Maestà; e Lei?”

“Benino!”

Raising his voice, and turning to the crowd, the Dictator cried, “Hail to the King of Italy!” and all responded, “Viva il Rè!”

Moving on one side to allow the troops to pass, the King and the Dictator chatted together for a few minutes. I happened to be close to them, and I confess that I was curious to hear for the first time in my life a king's discourse—to judge for myself whether lofty sentiments would correspond with the grandeur of the situation. Campanian soil—Capua at hand—shades of Hannibal and Roman consuls—the meeting of the armies of Castelfidardo and Maddaloni—the eve of battle—presence of the conquering prince and of the man of the people, donor of a realm—contact of the red shirt and royal purple—transformation of a petty king into the King of Italy—all combined to render the situation truly epic.

The King talked of the fine weather and of the bad roads, interrupting the conversation to administer gruff reproofs and manual checks to his fiery and restless steed; then they rode on, Garibaldi at the King's left, and a few paces behind, the Sardinian and Garibaldian staff pell-mell; but soon each returned to his own centre—in one line the modest red shirts, in the other splendid uniforms shining with gold, silver, crosses, medals, and the *gran cordone*. But in the midst of a pervading sensation of the vanity of human grandeur, arose the consoling thought

of the sumptuous breakfast which the royal cooks had gone to prepare at Teano.

Meanwhile the clash of arms, the shining plumes and helmets, had attracted all the peasants of the environs, who hailed Garibaldi with their usual enthusiasm. He was at his wits' end to direct their attention from himself to the King, and keeping his horse a few paces behind, he cried, with an imperious gesture, "This is Vittorio Emanuele, the King, your King, the King of Italy. Viva il Rè!" The peasants stared and listened: then, not understanding the tenor of his speech, again shouted, "Viva Galibardo!" The poor General was on the rack, and knowing how dear to princes is applause, and how much his popularity irritated the King, would have given a second kingdom to wring from the lips of those unsophisticated boors an *evviva* to the King of Italy, who ended the question by spurring his horse into a gallop. We of course galloped after him; and even Farini, grasping his saddle, careless of reins or stirrups, galloped too, his trowsers working gradually upwards until his knees were left bare. Fortunately for him, the King reined in his horse as soon as the boors were passed, and the future viceroy had time to adjust his trowsers, smooth down his tunic, set his hat straight, and wipe the perspiration from his brow.

Arrived at the bridge which crosses the little stream near Teano, I saw Garibaldi lift his hat to the King, and take the road leading across country, while his Majesty crossed the bridge. Thus they parted at right angles, the royalists following the King, we Garibaldi. He dismounted at a little village, and led his horse into an outhouse on the road. Miss., Nullo, Z., and myself, posted our horses on an adjacent mound, and looked at each other in blank amazement. Entering the outhouse, I found the General standing by a barrel, on which his orderly had laid the breakfast, *i.e.* a piece of bread and cheese and a glass of water, which as soon as he had drunk, he spat out, saying, "There must be a dead animal at the bottom of the well." Slowly and silently we retraced our steps to Calvi, near the Volturno. Garibaldi's countenance was full of melancholy sweetness; never did I feel drawn to him with such tenderness.

Halting at Calvi, he arranged his 10,000 men with perspicacious study: one wing towards Cascione—the other towards Sparanisi; the front converging to the road which leads through St. Agata to the bridge of Garigliano: and spent the remainder of the day in minute personal explorations.

In the evening he fixed his head-quarters in a little church near the town of Calvi—we surrounding him, sitting or lying on the straw. Presently a deputation of Sicilians arrived, and enlivened the mute scene with their *sineddoches* and metaphors. The orations of these noisy islanders sent me to sleep, and when they took their departure the silence woke me; and just at that moment the general was informed that a squadron of the enemy's cavalry was advancing full gallop towards the church.

"To horse, S.," he cried, "and drive them back."

Proud of the honour conferred, hoping to renew the deeds of Orazio



Coclite, I mounted in a trice; but several of my comrades who heard the order, and who probably belonged to that historical school who consider the Coclite and Curtius fictions belonging to the poetic age of Rome, thought it better to accompany me. First two, then three, till I found myself at the head of that little band of daring ones whom Garibaldi calls "my brave companions," while at our heels followed officers and soldiers of the line, so that, instead of the one chosen, we set out fifty strong. Leaving the sentinels of our outposts behind us, we rode on, hoping for some daring enterprise as the sound of horses' hoofs approached. The infantry spread over the fields, while we, keeping to the road, advanced, prepared to charge with swords and revolvers. On we dash, crying—"Halt! halt! lay down your arms!" and the waggoners, terrified but obedient, laid down their whips and stopped a cart laden with bricks and drawn by four horses! We gaze and gaze, but we can make nothing of them but bricks. Gaily we started, glum we returned.

On the morrow, a little after dawn, we heard the cannon on the Garigliano. My wife came in to ask for orders for the ambulance. "Signora," said Garibaldi, in accents somewhat stern and emphatic, "my wounded are on the other side of the Volturno." We stood mute and expectant, wondering to whom this reply alluded; and as his face gradually put on a milder and more resigned expression of sorrow, he added, sadly, calling her by name, "*J., ci hanno messo alla coda*"—"They have sent us to the rear.") Then I understood what it was that had disturbed the angelic serenity of the morning, which I had felt could not have resulted from the prince's inurbanity.

Later, the King rode past our lines up to the Volturno. Colonel Dezza, the head of Bixio's staff, did the honours of the camp. Indeed the Garibaldian generals and many Garibaldian officers vied with each other in paying homage to the rising sun, affording a by no means edifying chapter to a student of ethics.

At two A.M. on the 7th November, three hired carriages drew up before the gate of the Hotel della Brettagna in Naples. At a quarter past two the doors of the foremost opened, and Garibaldi, Menotti, and Basso drove off; Trecchi, Missori, Nullo, Canzio, Zasio and myself, followed in the other two. At the ferry of Santa Lucia we entered a boat, and soon descried from the port the vaporous form of the Siren, oblivious and asleep in the arms of her new lover. Yet only two months had elapsed since the night of the 7th September—that night of the wild welcome to the Liberator!

Now, crowned with glory, he withdrew from the cold breath of oblivion, escorted by a few faithful friends, who loved him best when fortune loved him least. On the deck of the *Washington* he bid adieu to Naples and to us, adding, "We shall meet again on the path to Rome!"

---



the  
der  
me,  
and  
alls  
ers  
av-  
me  
try  
red  
lt!  
nt,  
by  
ut

he  
ce.  
ic,  
te  
ce  
ne  
y  
s-  
ot

,  
-  
n  
r

e  
o  
e  
r  
l  
e  
e